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THE

MATCH GIRL.

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. EDGEWORTH.

All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content;———

SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME I.

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THE

MATCH GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him,
Oh! two such silver currents when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.

SHAKSPEARE.

"OH, merciful heaven! will nobody pity my distress? Will nobody purchase even a few matches of a wretched creature to save her from perishing? For

the love of God, madam, relieve a poor unfortunate !"

These last words were addressed to Lady Anne Norval, as she was passing through the Mall of St. James's Park; there was a wild energy in the tones of the speaker, that differed widely from the affected misery of common mendicants, which attracted her ladyship's attention; and aided by that innate principle of charity, which ever urged her to assist a fellow creature, she extended her hand, and turning her eyes to the petitioner, she beheld an interesting girl, scarcely seventeen, whose air and demeanour spoke her of no common stock, although her threadbare garments and emaciated countenance, too plainly evinced her extreme poverty. On one arm hung suspended, a little

basket with a few bunches of matches, and her streaming eyes, and uplifted hands, expressed the anguish that wrung her bursting heart.

"Surely young woman," said her ladyship, "you might find a more suitable employment for your years, than soliciting charity: where is your parish?"

"I am not an English woman, madam; I was born in Prussia."

"That is the too common reply," returned Lady Anne, who felt herself peculiarly interested, and again opening her purse, dropped another shilling into the beggar's hand, and prepared to pursue her walk.

"You are not going to leave me!" exclaimed the almost exhausted object

of her ladyship's benevolence, "Oh! have pity, pray have pity! do not leave me to misery and destruction; rescue me from passing such a night as the last—I shall be all gratitude for protection if you place me in a hovel, but if I again feel myself the deserted orphan I was half an hour ago, madness or suicide must ensue." Having uttered these words, she sunk almost lifeless upon the bench by which she had clung for support.

"You shall not," said her ladyship, "suffer those horrors you so much dread, while I have the power of preventing it."

These words acted as a cordial to the unfortunate girl, who uttered expressions of gratitude in a frantic style.

" James," said Lady Anne, addressing her servant, who had stood a silent, though not unmoved spectator of the scene, " take this young woman in a hackney coach to your grandmother, desire she will immediately have medical advice, and procure every comfort her weak state seems to require, and I will call upon her to-morrow myself; I am so near the gate, you need not attend me to my carriage, but use what dispatch you can in conveying your charge to Mrs. Newton." Giving another look at the interesting object before her, who reclined on the seat, incapable of articulating her thanks; her benevolent ladyship tripped lightly on to her chariot, while the delight (though so common a one) of doing a good action,

spread an emanation over her countenance which made it appear almost celestial."

Her first enquiry when the carriage stopped in Hanover Square, was, "Is Mr. Norval within?" And being answered in the affirmative, she hastened to tell him her singular adventure. "To relieve her at any rate," said Lady Anne, "must be a charity, and if she is an impostor I will never again be deceived, for it is the last time I will trust to appearances, the poor girl is really weak, ill, and exhausted, and the method of her application, and the dread she entertained lest I should quit her, interested me." Mr. Norval entered into all Lady Anne's feelings upon the subject, and was as earnest as her ladyship, for the return of James.

Mrs. Newton his grandmother, had been nurse to Lady Anne, and now enjoyed all the comforts her declining years required from the liberality of Mr. Norval, who had crowned all the benefits he had already heaped upon her, by taking her grandson, the darling orphan of an only child, into his service to wait upon Lady Anne.

It appeared an age till the servant returned from Hampstead, where Mrs. Newton resided.

James who had a feeling heart, entered with the traces of grief upon his countenance. "My grandmother, my lady," said he, in reply to the enquiry, of How is the poor girl? sends her most dutiful service to your ladyship, and bids me say, that Mr. Dawson, who, as your

ladyship ordered, was immediately sent for, thinks the poor young woman very ill—he is certain she has got a brain fever, as grandmother said; even while I staid, she raved so, it almost broke her heart to hear her, she fainted dead away the minute your ladyship went, and I was obliged to carry her to the coach, and when it rattled over the stones, she did open her eyes, but it was only to talk as if she was quite beside herself, and to say somebody had killed her grandfather, and then, (begging your ladyship's pardon,) I thought of my poor old grandmother, and—and——" Here James paused, it was unnecessary to proceed; the tears that were rolling down the honest fellow's cheeks, proved the effect the incoherent expressions of his charge had had upon him in the coach.

Those were the sensibilities of unsophisticated nature; happy state of ignorance when the feelings can have their full play! the man of learning blushes at what he ought to glory in, and shame usurps that seat in his heart, lately occupied by tenderness; if his fellow man sees his eyes moistened by a tear, he studies to obtain callosity of feeling, and alas! it does not elude his pursuit; soon the iron mask of insensibility to the woes of others envelopes his features, and though his heart-strings were bursting with his innate ideas, still not a muscle must relax, lest those who are observing him, should think him less than man; habit becomes second nature, and he soon in reality clasps that viper

to his breast, that must ultimately make existence horrible.

Lady Anne was at an earlier hour than usual in her carriage the morning following. When she arrived at Mrs. Newton's, the apothecary was there; he appeared a worthy man, he thought his patient in very great danger, and deemed his own skill incompetent to carrying her through the disorder.

Her ladyship who felt still more interested for the object of her benevolence, when she beheld her in so early a stage of existence stretched on the bed of sickness, deprived of reason, and apparently destitute of every support, save that which her own philanthropic bosom tempted her to yield; she therefore wrote a note, and dispatched James

with it to the family physician, while she remained with the delighted Mrs. Newton in her neat little parlour, waiting his arrival.

Mr. Dawson had sent a nurse to attend his patient the night before, as he judged neither Mrs. Newton or the young girl who acted in the capacity of servant to her, were equal to the charge of one who laboured under so dreadful a malady as a brain fever.

Dr. Brown soon arrived; he did not deem the illness of so serious a nature as Mr. Dawson had; he prescribed for her, and ordered quiet; and Lady Anne returned to Mr. Norval with revived hopes.

Lady Anne Sefton was the only child

of Lord Mahon, consequently heiress to his immense possessions: this made his lordship dread lest she should be earnestly sought by the men, and from he gaiety of her disposition, and innocent thoughtlessness of her heart, fall an easy prey to the specious appearance of some fortune-hunting younger brother; this idea agonised him, and made him withhold her from mixing in society; but by way of compensation, not one species of accomplishment that she wished to attain was denied her, and at the early age of seventeen, her delighted father beheld her mistress of music and drawing in several of their branches, and a proficient in French and Italian; while he gloried in his daughter, he trembled—still this rich gem must be

confined; but at length chance operated in favor of Lady Anne.

Lord Mahon, in a small party, met the young elegant sensible Henry Norval. His first appearance pleased the earl, his refined conversation raised hopes in his bosom, that he was almost afraid of cherishing, but at the end of three months, after being very frequently in the society of Henry, and hearing his friends unanimous in their praises of him, he ventured to introduce him to Lady Anne.

The event proved him an able designer—in a very short time after their first interview, Lord Mahon was relieved from the restraint of restraining, though he lived but a very few years to witness the perfect happiness of his son and daughter.

Their philanthropic benevolence was proverbial, their servants had chiefly been either the faithful attendants of Lord Mahon, or the late Mr. Norval,—to them they were real friends. Two boys and one girl formed their amusement and care.

Lady Anne's figure was tall and elegant: her face owed its principal attraction to a pair of dark eyes, which united fire with softness, and seemed to express every emotion of her expanded soul, while benevolence and animation conspired to cast their veil over her other features, and render the tout ensemble interesting to every beholder.

CHAP. II.

So shews a snowy dove, trooping with crows,
As yonder lady, o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done; I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching her's, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight;
I never saw true beauty till this night.

SHAKSPEARE.

LADY ANNE continued to visit Hampstead two or three times a week. The violence of the fever soon abated, but Dr. Brown trembled for the intellects of the poor invalid. She appeared to have something on her mind which she dreaded lest any one should be made acquainted with, and which seemed to

have dislodged reason. She was never violent, and would for hours, sit weeping, and lamenting that some one had taken away her grandfather; she would then throw herself at Mrs. Newton's feet, and beg earnestly that she would not betray her. Occasionally she would have lucid intervals;—she then frequently asked the good old woman where she was, and if she really was safe; but before she could receive the delightful certainty of being so honorably protected, recollection recalled the terrors of her mind, and incoherent raving, or entire inanity succeeded.

Thus passed the three first months of her residence with Mrs. Newton.

Lady Anne, and Mr. Norval, who frequently from motives of piety and

curiosity, accompanied her ladyship, felt themselves peculiarly interested in the fate of the unfortunate girl whom they protected and supported with such true philanthropy and liberality.

Dr. Brown ordered her the most nourishing things that could be procured, and her preservers had the happiness at length to perceive, that as her strength began to return, her lucid intervals were more frequent and longer. He cautioned the worthy Mrs. Newton to avoid at those times, leading to any conversation which might revive in her mind, the recollection of events which seemed replete with terror to her, and merely to answer her constant question of Were she in safety? by the most friendly

assurances; these, by degrees, tranquilised her mind.

Lady Anne, who had repressed her curiosity to know the particulars of a life which, though short, she felt assured must be replete with something peculiar, at length yielded to the earnest solicitation of her young charge, who, while tears of gratitude streamed from her eyes, requested, in the most persuasive manner, that her ladyship would permit her to repose her sorrows in the bosom of friends so benevolent—so esteemed.

Lady Anne therefore consented that the day following, the carriage should, at an early hour, be sent to convey her to Hanover Square.

She was met at the door when she alighted, by Lady Anne, who, taking her kindly by the hand, led her into the dressing-room, where Mr. Norval welcomed her to their house.

Seated between them, she related those events which had pressed upon her youth, and nearly crushed her to the dust.

Many were the interruptions occasioned by tears, which agonised recollection called into her eyes. But as there were circumstances she conceived it unnecessary to dwell upon, and some parts of her father and mother's history that she was not perfectly acquainted with; armed with my quill, I choose to take upon myself, the office of narrator; and though her story, told in her own

words, might speak more to the hearts of my readers, yet as the heroes and heroines are the automata of an author's imagination, my will, in this case, is absolute; therefore you must yield, fair Frederica, to my superior claims.

Ferdinand Koningsberg was the youngest son of the count, (whose name he bore) a noble Prussian. He had himself early entered the army under the great Frederick, and signalized himself particularly in many daring military exploits; he wished all his boys to shine as he had done, and to unite the soldier and gentleman.

His two eldest sons had visited France, Italy, and England. Ferdinand was now twenty. The old count obtained his sovereign's permission for his youngest

hope to follow the example of his brothers. He was to be absent two years, one of which he determined to dedicate to England.

He had been near three months in London, when he was urged by two young men with whom he had been in habits of intimacy, both in France and Italy, to accompany them in a tour they purposed making through Wales. He complied with alacrity.

On their return through Wrexham, Captain Bowen, one of his companions, recollected that an old friend of his father's, a captain who had sold out, had retired with his only daughter, a few years since, to reside within two miles of that place.

He proposed to his friends, beating

up the veteran's quarters. As an additional inducement, he told them he remembered Maria Hildebrand, at the age of fourteen, when he last saw her, gave promise of being one of the sweetest girls he ever beheld.

Half an hour brought them to the neat elegant little cottage of the captain.

It was evening, and he was sitting before the door, contemplating the glories of the setting sun.

Captain Bowen advanced, and was recognised with the utmost satisfaction.

His friends were introduced, and Miss Hildebrand enquired after in the space of three minutes.

"Maria is presiding at a rustic feast, giving under her inspection," returned

the father. " A good girl, who has lived with us in the capacity of servant, last week married, and we wished to prove to the friends of her husband, who are rather opulent, the sense we entertained of her worth, in the way most pleasing to herself. She chose that in which Maria is now engaged. We will, if you like it, join the party, that I may immediately introduce my daughter to the son of my old friend."

The young men, of course, complied with alacrity, and a very few minutes brought them to the villatic scene of festivity.

" That is my girl," said the captain, exultingly, pointing to a lovely creature about sixteen, who was lightly bounding down a dance.

Maria did not immediately perceive her father, and the young men had an opportunity of contemplating, for a short time, that truly soul-inspiring sight of a really beautiful woman exerting herself with elegance, under the fantastic banners of Terpsichore. She was dressed in a short white muslin jacket and petticoat, which discovered to advantage, her pretty little foot, which seemed scarce to bend the grass it was lightly springing over, and well turned ancle. A bunch of jessamin ornamented her bosom, and a wreath of the same, cut from the white walls of the cottage, and formed by Maria, into a wreath, was carelessly twisted round a little chip hat, which was placed on her head in a style which discovered the glossiness of her

bright brown hair, and her sweet countenance to the utmost perfection.

Koningsberg received a wound from one of Cupid's sharpest arrows. He had not gazed enraptured for three minutes, before he had finally resolved, that if he could not obtain Miss Hildebrand, he would never marry.

Maria had, by this time, arrived at the bottom of the dance, and perceiving her father attended by three young strangers, she advanced timidly towards them.

Captain Bowen, she recollected as soon as he was introduced, and gave him her hand with a degree of naiveté and frankness, that made Ferdinand admire her more than ever, and almost

hate the envied Bowen, whom he instantly considered as a rival.

The harper again striking the melodious strings, as a signal for commencing a new dance, Captain Bowen led out Miss Hildebrand, who, now she had got a partner worthy of her, danced with increased lightness and animation, and added fresh torments to the preceding ones Koningsberg had sustained.

The dance over, they were summoned by Maria, to the front of the cottage occupied by the new married pair, where there was a table simply, yet elegantly laid out.

Miss Hildebrand made the bride sit by her at the top, while the happy Koningsberg, as a stranger, was seated on her right hand.

He was now at what he would a few minutes before have considered the pinnacle of his wishes, but if Maria addressed Captain Bowen, with only the common civility that the table, and a previous acquaintance demanded, he was again a prey to jealousy.

Before they parted, Captain Hildebrand requested they would prolong their stay for some days, and not let the same evening witness the commencement and annihilation of their acquaintance.

Ferdinand and Captain Bowen readily acquiesced, but the other young man (who was on the point of marriage, had that day received a letter from his intended, announcing her arrival in London,) excused himself, and early the

following morning quitted Denbighshire unaccompanied.

The image of Maria Hildebrand was too strongly imprinted on the mind of Ferdinand, to permit his getting much sleep that night, and he met Captain Bowen at breakfast, with a languid countenance, occasioned by his internal agitations, and answered the enquiries of him whom he considered in the light of a dangerous rival, in a pettish irritated style that surprised his friend.

They set off for the cottage early in the forenoon, mutually dissatisfied.

Captain Bowen, at a loss to account for the behaviour of Koningsberg, and Ferdinand, eying a face and figure very inferior to his own, and thinking Maria must yield herself a willing victim to so many attractions, mental and personal.

Oh, love! oh, jealousy! how do you sport with the feelings of poor mortality? by turns chilling the warm blood that delights in playing round the gay heart of the beau, or as your fanciful brain dictates, decking the pedant in all the smiles and witcheries of the late unthinking flutterer.

CHAP. III.

———They equal move
In an unbroken yoke of faithful love.
GLANVIL.

THE young men approached the cottage in silence, but the sight of the worthy captain who came from his humble mansion to meet them, attended by his lovely daughter, soon restored their good humour.

Maria, whose natural gaiety, was heightened by the society of two agreeable young men, was all smiles and fascination; and in a long walk, which they took among the wild scenery of

North Wales, was the delight of the little party.

The kindness of heart that Captain Hildebrand possessed, made him originally take a great deal of notice of the elegant young foreigner; but he soon continued his attentions from other motives as he found him sensible and well informed; he had already obtained the Order of Merit for his services, and his grandfather had been one of the first who had been presented with the order of the Black Eagle, the day previous to the coronation of the Great Frederick, his father was now a knight of the order.

Captain Hildebrand, who idolized a profession his circumstances had obliged him to quit, looked upon the young

chevalier as descended from a race of warriors, valued him accordingly.

Ferdinand, while he was discoursing with the father, was all eyes and ears to every action and word of the daughter and Captain Bowen; and again the foul fiend Jealousy possessed him.

In the evening, he gained a great advantage over the man whom he thought must be a rival, as who could behold such an assemblage of beauty, sense, and sweetness, without adoring the object?

Music was proposed, Captain Bowen had not the least turn for the delightful art.

Maria struck the harp with skill and sweetness, Koningsberg, who regarded music with a species of idolatry, was more enraptured than ever.

An old flute of Captain Hildebrand's was produced, and Ferdinand accompanied Maria.

Thus passed several days, the chevalier could not but perceive that he gained ground in the esteem of his lovely mistress, and he forgot that he had visited England from any other motive than to behold the fair Maria, till he was roused from his reverie, at the end of a week, by Captain Bowen observing it was high time for them to think of returning to the metropolis, if he could tear himself away from Maria Hildebrand.

"*Can you?*" returned the chevalier.

"Assuredly," said his friend, "but had not my heart for years been fixed on an object, who, in my opinion

cannot yield to any one, I could not have gazed upon this fascinating girl, with the apathy I have done.

A weight was removed from Koningsberg's heart, an explanation succeeded his incomprehensible conduct, for which Captain Bowen could now well account, was entirely understood, and a resolution passed the lips of Koningsberg, to throw himself at the feet of Maria, and learn his fate.

Suspense appeared intolerable, and he hastened to the cottage.

He was received with the accustomed smiles, by Captain Hildebrand, with whom he was a most wonderful favorite, and his daughter.

The captain was just preparing to pay a visit to a poor neighbour, who

was very ill; and Ferdinand, as soon as he was left alone with Maria, declared his passion.

She listened to his tale with a satisfaction she did not possess sufficient art to disguise, and assured him of her consent, if she could obtain her father's.

Koningsberg was elated beyond the powers of expression, every difficulty appeared overcome, and he enjoyed the most perfect happiness, till the arrival of Captain Hildebrand.

He lost not a minute in relating the conditional consent he had received from Miss Hildebrand.

The Captain listened with the most profound attention till he had concluded, and then said, "Will your father consent to this, Chevalier?"

Koningsberg had not even given this a thought; he felt thunderstruck, without either power or inclination to interrupt the father of Maria, who thus proceeded: —"That my daughter has so quickly surrendered her heart to you, I am not surprised. Shut up in the bosom of solitude—confined to the society of simple rustics, it is far from astonishing that such a man as he who I am now addressing, should get such immediate possession of her affections; nor am I at all at a loss to account for the sensation such a girl as mine must give place to, in a bosom that glows with every sentiment that should dignify humanity. But my Maria labours under circumstances the most disadvantageous: her family, though respectable, is not great,

and her little fortune will by no means counterbalance her want of high birth. Early in life, I offended the only relation I had, a brother twenty years older than myself, by marrying her mother, who had not any thing to recommend her, but worth and loveliness. Such as Maria now is, such was she. My brother, who had, at an early period of existence, been cruelly treated by the woman he adored, turned misanthrope, and forswore female society. Because his brother did not do the same, he has been forbid his house and society for ever. Maria Hildebrand would cast a dignity upon any family—those that would despise her, shall never receive so valuable a treasure. It is now, Chevalier, your time to speak."

Immersed in disagreeable reflections, Koningsberg was scarcely sensible that the captain was waiting his reply, till it was again urged. He then said he thought his father would consent to any thing that would forward his happiness.

This was not sufficient for Captain Hildebrand; he would not sanction their union without the approbation of the count. That obtained, he would, with joy, bestow his daughter upon one who appeared really worthy of her; but of that, he himself despaired. He insisted that Ferdinand should immediately quit Wales with Captain Bowen, and not return again, unless the answers from Prussia were favorable.

He entreated for permission to remain

near Maria, till his father's letters arrived; but Captain Hildebrand answered in a style that demanded submission.

He obeyed with reluctance, and tore himself away from the weeping girl, in a state of distraction.

Weeks passed on, and Koningsberg did not write, as Captain Hildebrand had forbade all correspondence between him and his daughter, till he received a favorable answer from Prussia.

The captain perceived, with agony, the ravages suspense made in the mind and person of the late lively, blooming Maria, and to divert a melancholy for which he could too well account, proposed a visit to the metropolis.

His daughter acquiesced with avidity. It was possible she might see Koningsberg there.

The idea inspired her with a ray of hope, and a smile would, while they were making preparations for the journey, occasionally gladden the heart of a father, who lived but in her happiness.

Captain Hildebrand, after his marriage, had been under the necessity of selling his commission, and retiring into Wales, as he found his pay inadequate to support his wife.

While he continued in the army, five thousand pounds had been left him by his father; but that he entirely run through while he was a subaltern. He thought all his companions as worthy as himself, and a fictitious tale of woe would make him part with his last farthing, while those who imposed upon him, as soon as his back was turned, ridiculed his credulity.

Till he married, his brother supported

his benevolent extravagance with liberality, but after that event took place, the captain did not receive another guinea from him.

About the present period, Captain Hildebrand's agent wrote him word that his money which, upon selling his commission, had been vested in the funds, might be turned to much better account, and produce nearly double the interest, by letting him have it in his business; and if he could visit London, he would explain it by word of mouth, far better than by writing.

The captain was pleased with the idea of procuring his Maria so many comforts that she had hitherto been deprived of, and to converse with his agent on the subject, and dissipate his daughter's

melancholy, he resolved to lose no time in visiting the metropolis.

During Captain Hildebrand's absence one morning, Koningsberg appeared before Maria, pale and dejected. He told her the letters from Prussia had been the very reverse of what he had hoped. That he dreaded appearing before her father, as he had been forbidden; but urged, with all the eloquence that love could inspire, that she would, during her stay in the metropolis, consent to a private union. When his father, who loved him tenderly, found that he was actually married, he would relent, and Captain Hildebrand, after the first gust of passion, would force the stern dictates of honor to yield to the soft pleadings of paternal affection.

Maria was very young; she loved the pleader tenderly, and though she trembled at the idea of deceiving so kind a father, yet believed all Koningsberg urged, and consented to the very first act of disobedience she had ever been guilty of.

CHAP. IV.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.——First her father slain.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is unnecessary to dwell on those particulars which may be so perfectly well imagined by the reader who feels in the least interested in this little story. Such as the grief of Captain Hildebrand, at finding himself so deceived in one whom he placed implicit trust, as he considered his own honor wounded in the conduct of his daughter; nor her despair, which all the efforts of an adoring husband

could not dissipate, till she had obtained her father's pardon and promise to accompany them to Prussia, where the chevalier was ordered to join his regiment.

The old count continued inexorable, and left his youngest son without any provision, save what his commission produced, and the little income of Captain Hildebrand.

Ferdinand's brothers never loved him, and were completely unamiable. From them, he neither derived, nor expected assistance.

In a battle against the Poles, Koningsberg fell, and the shock made such an impression upon his wife, that not all the united efforts of Captain Hildebrand, nor the child of a beloved husband—the

dear Frederica, now sixteen, could charm away her melancholy, and at the age of thirty-six, she breathed her last, in the arms of her father and daughter.

When the first violence of excessive grief began to resign its place to calm sorrow, the captain, now sixty-seven years of age, resolved upon leaving Prussia with his beloved grand-daughter. Every object they there beheld, served but to remind them of Koningsberg and his Maria. "I will take you, my love," said the honorable veteran, "to that place where your sainted mother first drew breath.- While I am leaning upon your arm, contemplating the majestic picturesque scenery of North Wales, or behold you lightly bounding before me, I shall forget that eighteen years have

elapsed, and think that I behold my Maria in the person of her Frederica."

Captain Hildebrand was one of those surprising men that you rarely meet with. Before his spirits received the cruel shock that had so recently oppressed them, he seemed very little more than fifty; his manners possessed all the hilarity of early youth, and he never for a minute, forgot that he once was young, or rather, he did not reflect that he was now old.

When they arrived in London, the stage in which Frederica and her grandfather came, from the port at which they landed, set them down at an inn in the Borough.

For that night, he determined to take up his lodging there, and go the follow-

ing morning to his agent, obtain a sufficient sum to purchase a cottage in North Wales, and retire immediately there with his beloved companion.

Accordingly, after breakfast, he left her, and returned in about an hour, with a countenance that terrified Frederica, who flew to him, exclaiming, "My dear grandfather, what has happened?"

He tottered to a seat, and burst into tears, while he caught the affrighted girl in his arms, exclaiming, "My child, we are beggars!"

"Beggars, dear sir! How can that be?"

"My agent, child, in whose hands was every guinea I possessed, has not only committed the horrible act of suicide, but not left sufficient money to

pay the demand of the most trivial of his creditors. Frederica, your wretched grandfather has not five pounds in the world!"

"Then, sir, we must support ourselves by our own ingenuity," she returned, smiling through her tears. "That education which your kindness, and that of my beloved parents, bestowed upon me, will now turn to a good account. I can return, in part, to my dear grandfather, the many obligations I owe him. Pray dry up your tears;—think how sweet that bread will eat which is procured by the industry of your little girl."

The veteran sobbed, while he pressed her to his heart.

When he was a little composed, he

began to reflect upon what course he must pursue. He had not a friend to whom he could apply: Frederica and himself were the whole world to each other; they had not another connection in it.

The death of his brother, he had read in a London newspaper, several years since, and it mentioned that his large estates devolved to a young man whom he had adopted. To this person, the captain now resolved to write, to ask if his brother had entirely omitted his name in his will.

To remain at the house they then were in, was impossible; he therefore went out, and hired two very miserable rooms in the neighbourhood, to which Frederica and their baggage were immediately removed.

Now came the time of trial.—When the exertion of mind the captain had been necessitated to employ, began to subside, he was attacked by a most violent illness.

Frederica, half frantic, sent the woman of the house for medical aid.

Before he was pronounced out of danger, all their money was spent, their clothes sold, and themselves deeply in debt to the ignorant, unfeeling widow, who kept the house, and became clamorous for her money, and treated the wretched Frederica with cruelty.

As soon as her grandfather could connect his ideas, he bade her write to the heir of his deceased brother, as he had intended doing previous to his ill-

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ness, and to relate their distress. The captain spurned at the idea of asking assistance; but what was he to do? A prison glared him in the face, and the fate of a beloved female was connected with his own.

The letter was soon dispatched, and the landlady, to whom it was read, a little pacified; but no answer coming for several days, her former clamours were renewed.

What was Frederica to do? She saw her grandfather actually dying for want of nourishment.

She had quitted him one day for five minutes, and upon returning to the room, found him struggling, and speechless.

In an agony she flew to the mistress of the house, beseeching, with tears, for

a little of the brandy she had seen come in the day before.

It was refused with unfeeling ignorance.

Frederica knew where it was deposited; she entered the room, opened the closet, and made herself mistress of a bottle of the cordial in less than a minute.

Gasping for breath, she returned to the captain, poured a large quantity down his throat, and had the happiness to see him revive.

Her countenance assumed the animation of hope, and she was gazing with delight at his recovering features, when the door opened, and the landlady appeared before them, accompanied by two ill-looking men, exclaiming, "That

is your prisoner; that is the pretty miss who stole my brandy."

Frederica was standing with the bottle in her hand; she gazed with astonishment, while one of the men, taking it from her, and seizing her roughly by the arm, said, "Come, you must go along with us; this honest woman has had patience enough with you. And my advice is, for her to send that old fellow to the King's Bench; it is hard by; and if I was her, I would not let him die in my house, for d'ye see, it is not a pleasant thing."

Frederica clung to her grandfather, who, fortunately, was not sufficiently recovered to know what was going forward, exclaiming, "I cannot—will not leave him."

"We will see that," said the spokesman, "if you could have kept your hands from picking and stealing, so you might, but as you could not, come along.

She fainted away, and was conveyed, as on similar occasions, after going through the usual process of law, to Newgate.

She suffered but a very few days, all the horrors she was there exposed to, her own agonised thoughts, and the society of several of the most depraved of her sex, was augmented by their continually telling her, that transportation she must consider as a lenient punishment for her offence; when on the fifth evening of her imprisonment, the gaoler entered the room where she had been sitting all day in trembling expectation

of being summoned to appear before her judges; with the pleasing information, that she was at liberty, as a bill had not been found against her.

The terms of law she was unacquainted with, she only knew she was no longer to be detained, and not staying to hear the envious vulgar congratulations of her partners in misery, she hastened after the gaoler, who released her from the haunts of guilt and wretchedness.

After many enquiries, she at length arrived at the miserable house where she had left her grandfather, but when she saw it, her terrors of its owner, superseded every other consideration, and she stood gazing at the windows, not daring to enter.

All that she had left, that was of any value, was a locket with both her parents' hair set in gold.

This she had treasured, and hoped never to part with, and kissing the case that had contained the valuable relic, she took out the hair, which she placed in her bosom, and entered a miserable public house, opposite that of her dreaded enemies.

By the bribe of her locket, she engaged the dirty servant of the house to go and make enquiries respecting her grandfather, she soon returned with the account that the inhuman woman said she could not afford to keep those who would not pay any longer, and had that evening sent him to the King's Bench, but that she might have saved her-

self the trouble; for an nour after he went, a smart gentleman came, who settled her bill, got her receipt, her lawyer's address, and then followed the captain.

The servant who really felt for Frederica, forced her to eat a piece of bread, and drink some porter, and then shewed her the nearest way to the King's Bench.

When she got there, it was near ten o'clock, but the gaoler humanely told her that one of the name she enquired for, had that afternoon remained only a few hours in the prison, as he had been followed by a gentleman who released him, and that he appeared very weak and ill.

What was now to become of her;

she knew not a soul in the world, she had not strength to return to Newgate, her shoes were worn from her feet, which were almost cut to pieces.

She tottered to London Bridge, and seated herself on one of the benches, unable to move, from cold and illness—insulted by the refuse of the creation—a prey to anguish, she hoped never again to see the light, but fate ordered it otherwise.

At the dawn of day, a poor woman who had observed her distress, and unlike the rabble who had insulted her, really compassionated her sufferings—approached where she was sitting disconsolate, and enquired if she could be of any service to her.

Frederica thanked her in a gentle

tone, and telling her in a few words, her present urgent distress, entreated her to direct her to Newgate.

The woman complied with her request; but observing how faint and wretched she appeared, she said to her, "Although I pity your wants, I cannot relieve them, for I have no money myself. But here, take this little basket, perhaps somebody will buy a few of these matches, and that will get you a morsel of bread, and is better than begging.

Frederica received the gift of the benevolent stranger with gratitude mixed with anguish, for she could not help thinking of the disgrace her noble family received in her being reduced to the degraded station of a match girl. "Yet have I not been in prison?" exclaimed

she; "and for *theft?* And shall I talk of being *above* any thing after that?"

Full of these thoughts, she endeavoured to trace her way to Newgate, certain that her grandfather would inquire for her there; but the terrors of her mind had prevented her from attending properly to the direction given her, and she wandered about until she got into the Park, where she was fortunate enough to address the benevolent Lady Anne Norval.

CHAP. V.

Charity, modest, decent, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide
Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.
Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart, a little heaven.

PRIOR.

WHEN Frederica had finished the narrative of her sorrows, which had often been interrupted by tears, "Can your ladyship wonder," said she, turning to Lady Anne, "that I have so long

laboured under mental derangement, as good Mrs. Newton tells me I have?"

"Indeed I do not," she replied, tenderly embracing her; "I am only astonished that reason ever returned; I could scarcely have thought it possible for any one to have endured what you have gone through. But where can Captain Hildebrand be?"

"Ah!" said Frederica, "while I am in a state of uncertainty respecting him, I never can be happy. To you, sir, (turning to Mr. Norval,) I must appeal for advice and assistance—already under so many obligations, I still entreat for more."

Mr. Norval, who felt himself equally interested with Lady Anne, promised to make every enquiry possible respecting

the captain, adding, "If there is any thing, Miss Koningsberg, that can set your mind at ease, tell me, and it shall be done."

"There is one favor that I scarce know how to ask," said Frederica; "but to prove how I impose upon benevolence; it is, to request that you will accompany me to that horrid prison that kept me from my dear grandfather. You would command respect from the gaoler; me alone, he would treat with insolence, and possibly not answer. My only friend would surely send there to enquire after his poor girl. If it is an improper request, sir, tell me, who am so ignorant of the ways of the world; I can only speak from the dictates of my heart."

"Continue ever to do the same," said Mr. Norval; "you are fortunate in having so long escaped those prejudices of society which warp the generous sentiments of the mind. I will accompany you with pleasure, and we will go to the house of the inhuman woman where you lodged; Captain Hildebrand may have sent there. Under my protection, you will not, surely, be afraid of her;" seeing Frederica shrink with fear.

"Certainly not, sir," she replied; "but the ideas her very name inspires, are dreadful. But for her I should not have been separated from my grandfather—should not have endured the horrors of a prison, the dread of a trial, transportation, or may be, ignominious death, for an act that I cannot help glorying in, since it certainly rescued my

grandfather from death ; yet had it not been for her, I should never have known these esteemed, these respected friends," taking a hand of each, while the tears of gratitude moistened her eyes.

Early the following morning, Mr. Norval promised to take her in the chariot, to Newgate. James was, therefore, sent to Hampstead to desire Mrs. Newton not to expect Miss Koningsberg till the next evening.

Lady Anne that day shut her doors to all visitors, so pleased was she with the society of the young foreigner, and the artless simplicity of many of her remarks.

The carriage, at an early hour, conveyed Frederica and her benevolent attendant, to Newgate.

As she approached the dreaded walls,

an agony that she could not overcome, seized her, and it was with difficulty, that the powerful salts which Lady Anne had made her take in the chariot, could keep her from fainting.

The gaoler, under whose care she had been committed, was immediately recognised by Frederica, though he did not appear to recollect one whom he had regarded as a common thief, now seated in an elegant carriage. He told Mr. Norval he perfectly well remembered releasing a young woman who had been committed for stealing a bottle of brandy, and that a few hours after she was gone, two gentlemen stopped at the prison gate, in a post-chaise, one an old one, who appeared sick.

"Ah!" cried Frederica, "that was my dear grandfather."

"Was it, miss?" returned the gaoler. "I cannot say as to that; but the youngest of the two, got out, and came and asked me about the young thief, and I told him a bill was not found against her. So he said, 'It is all very well. If she should come here again, tell her her grandfather is better, and not to make herself unhappy about him, for he would be well taken care of'."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Frederica.

"I told him I would remember it, but I did not think it very likely she would make me a friendly visit, unless her love of brandy should make her to be caught tripping again."

The gaoler laughed at what he considered as wit.

Frederica threw herself back in the

carriage, and Mr. Norval asked if that was all that had been said.—Yes, to the best of his recollection, the man replied.

The carriage was then ordered to the Borough.

At the extremity of a dirty lane, was situated that house which had for so many weeks, been the wretched abode of the brave Captain Hildebrand and his grand-daughter.

When the carriage stopped at the door, Mr. Norval, observing Frederica turn very pale, said, "You have nothing to dread, Miss Koningsberg; I am your protector."

She felt ashamed of her fears, and by an exertion, endeavoured to conquer them.

"Open the door, James," said Mr.

Norval; "we are going to get out here."

"Dear sir, I hope not," exclaimed Frederica.

"For shame!" returned he, taking her hand to assist her from the carriage; "you have not any thing to dread now. Surely my power is superior to the owner of this miserable house."

Mrs. Green, the dreaded landlady, had been observing all their motions from her window, with a species of curiosity and surprise, excited by seeing so elegant an equipage in so wretched a lane; but the latter was wonderfully augmented when she observed the footman knock at the door, and the lady and gentleman alight.

She went to receive them with a pro-

fusion of smiles and courtesies. The trembling Frederica, in a deep white muslin veil, she did not recognise, but begged her ladyship would walk into her humble parlour, while she was favored with his honor's commands.

Supported by Mr. Norval, she entered the very room from which she had taken the brandy.

Mr. Norval and Frederica seated themselves, and the former said, "Sit down, Mrs. Green—I think that is your name—as I wish to speak to you."

She replied, she knew better how to behave herself before such gentry, while exultation sparkled in her little grey eyes, at the idea of the consequence she should derive in the neighbourhood, from the visitors she had been fortunate enough to receive under her roof.

These cogitations were broken in upon by Mr. Norval demanding if she knew any thing of Captain Hildebrand.

"No, please your honor," she returned, courtesying low as she spoke, "not any thing since the evening that he left my house to go——."

"To the King's Bench," interrupted Mr. Norval. "How could you have the inhumanity to send a man of his age and respectability, and in a dying state too, to prison, after sending his granddaughter to Newgate—an innocent young creature of your own sex too, who was impelled by your barbarity, and the dangerous situation of her only friend, to commit a deed at which, on a less trying occasion, her very soul would have revolted?"

The crest-fallen Mrs. Green stood

twirling her fingers, while the natural malignity of her disposition again began to gloom conspicuous in her countenance.

Frederica sobbed aloud, and Mr. Norval, fearful of her fainting, threw up her veil, and discovered her face to her ancient enemy, whose passion, at the sight of her, outstripped every rational consideration. "Oh, oh, my pretty lady," said she, "what you are come again, are you? I begin now to find out what this fine carriage, and all the bullying I have received, means. I always thought you would turn out no better than you should be, and this shews me that I can see through a stone wall as well as most people."

Mr. Norval here interrupted her, in a

style that commanded respect, and promoted fear. He threatened her with the fate that Frederica had so severely suffered from, and assured her that the defamer of innocence was never treated with lenity; and after again expatiating upon the extreme inhumanity of her conduct, he left her a prey to her own feelings—the very worst companions she could have.

CHAP. VI.

Such is the weakness of all mortal hope,
So fickle is the state of earthly things,
That 'ere they come into their aimed scope,
They fall so short of our fair reckonings.

SPENCER.

WHEN Frederica was a little recovered, she asked Mr. Norval's advice of what she was to do, concerning her grandfather. "Till I receive some information respecting him, I cannot attempt to feel ease, for indeed, sir, it would be vain. If you do not disapprove of it, I will write to his brother's heir; it is possible he may know something of him. Who could it be that released

him from prison, save Mr. Abbot? He had not a claim upon another creature. Yet how could the most tender of relatives leave his poor girl a prey to every species of misery, in a place that she was totally unacquainted with, without a friend in the world, and entirely destitute of money and clothes? How different from every former action of his life!"

Absorbed in grief, she listened to Mr. Norval's acquiescence of her scheme. who said, "If it will make you the least more easy, dear Miss Koningsberg, we will go to Mr. Abbot's seat in Buckinghamshire;—he must know something respecting Captain Hildebrand."

A gleam of satisfaction beamed from the tearful eye of Frederica, while she

thanked Mr. Norval with real gratitude for the proposal.

When they arrived in Hanover Square, they found Lady Anne very much alarmed by the sudden, and violent illness of her eldest boy.

She had sent off for Dr. Brown, who pronounced his complaint to be a scarlet fever.

The whole house was in a state of agitation. Lady Anne could not be prevailed upon to leave her child, but wrote an affectionate note to Frederica, requesting she would directly order the carriage, and go to Hampstead, lest she should catch the infection in her weak state.

"To leave town at present," said Mr. Norval, "Miss Koningsberg, is

impossible ; therefore write this evening to Mr. Abbot, and as soon as you have an answer, pray send it to me, as I shall be very anxious to hear."

As soon as she arrived at Mrs. Newton's, Frederica lost not an instant in writing to the only person she judged it likely would know any thing respecting her grandfather, entreating that he would not delay answering her enquiries, and painting, in strong colours, the misery she endured from the uncertain state she was in, concerning Captain Hildebrand's fate. She mentioned the honorable protection she was under, and the meditated visit to his seat, likewise what had postponed, though she hoped, not entirely prevented it, as she could not help flattering herself that her grandfather was with him.

The letter dispatched, Frederica began to give way to the pleasing visions of hope. It is very unnatural for extreme youth to dwell long upon the iron characters of despair. She soon arranged it in her own mind, that Captain Hildebrand was certainly with his brother's heir; and as she could not settle to her own satisfaction, his conduct subsequent to being released from the King's Bench, she determined to banish it from her memory, and give way to the illusions of expectation, that derived a great part of their strength from returning convalescence, and the health-inspiring breezes of May.

The second morning brought her the desired—the expected answer.

"This will realise all my enchanting

anticipations," said Frederica, eagerly taking the letter from the servant, and hastening to her room to peruse the contents at leisure.

It never occurred to her ardent imagination that it was possible for the reply to differ from her wishes, and she opened it with a delight that was very soon checked.

It was not written by Mr. Abbot, but a most particular friend. By his desire, it acquainted the unhappy Frederica that he did not know any thing respecting Captain Hildebrand, and that the letter she mentioned having written, had never come to hand. He congratulated her upon the protection she received from Mr. Norval and his lady; and concluded by offering her, in Mr. Ab-

bot's name, any pecuniary assistance she might require, as he derived his fortune from the Hildebrand estate. He observed, his friend would think it a pleasure, and consider it a duty, to assist a branch of that family.

Frederica threw down the letter in despair, and folding her arms on the table by which she was sitting, she threw her miserable head upon them, and sobbed with a vehemence she did not seek to repress. The dreadful epistle seemed the death-warrant of her happiness. She had for so many hours given way to the most pleasing ideas, that she felt the shock she now received, with added violence.

She remained insensible to every thing but her own sorrows, for near an

hour, till Mrs. Newton, in passing the door, was attracted by the sound of grief, entered the chamber.

The noise the door made in opening, attracted the poor sufferer's attention, and raising her head, she beheld the friendly old woman, who approached her with compassion, saying, "Sweet lady, what is the matter? Come, dry your tears; you will break my old heart, if you go on so."

The ever attractive accents of friendship never sounded more soothing to Frederica than in the present instance. Throwing herself into the good woman's arms, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Newton, I have not a friend in the world!"

"Do not say so," returned the good creature. "Think of my lady and Mr.

Norval; and James and I would do any thing to serve you."

"Yes," replied Frederica, "I feel my ingratitude; I have had many more benefits heaped upon me than I deserve. I shall go distracted," said she, pressing her hand upon her beating head. "Kind Mrs. Newton, send that fatal letter to Mr. Norval. I will throw myself on the bed, and perhaps you will come and sit by me, and let me talk to you of my grandfather, and while you are with me, I shall not think myself the deserted being I in reality am.

Mrs. Newton again assured her she must not call herself deserted, and again named the four that were so willing to serve her; and then darkening the room, she quitted it for a few minutes, to send

the letter to Hanover Square, but very soon returned to Frederica.

Her piety, and the extreme simplicity of her remarks, joined to the attachment she professed for our heroine, tended to tranquilize the poignancy of her affliction, and admit, by very slow degrees, the entrance of hope again into her mind.

The evening brought a most kind letter from Lady Anne, who said she longed very much to see Frederica, but was fearful yet awhile. Her child was still very unwell, but Dr. Brown assured her that he never had been in danger, nor was there any reason for apprehending that he would, as the complaint certainly diminished, instead of increasing. She added, " Mr. Norval and myself are very much obliged to you for

sending the letter, but were sincerely concerned by the account of your extreme depression, that Mrs. Newton sent us. Exert yourself, dearest Miss Koningsberg, there is certainly a mystery that envelopes the fate of your grandfather, and which must be pierced through. I have been so much taken up with my boy that I have not yet had time to consult Henry on the most expedient method of unravelling this clue. For the sake of Captain Hildebrand, who must be found, exert yourself; do not suffer your spirits to sink under this new disappointment. You are in honorable protection—safe with those who sincerely feel for your many and undeserved trials, and who esteem you already at this early period of acquaintance."

These assurances soothed the dejected girl, and obtained for her a little respite from the agony of reflection in sleep.

She received daily accounts from Hanover Square, and the little boy still continued mending.

Frederica had now sufficient time to think of her dependent situation. She had been four months under the protection of one on whom she had actually forced herself; the very clothes that she wore, were presented her by Lady Anne Norval.

She was now living in a lodging entirely at that lady's expence, and though she bestowed her gifts with a kindness and delicacy rarely exampled, yet Frederica had a proud heart; she felt as that there was a degree of pusillanimity in

her conduct, when she was the possessor of a variety of accomplishments, suffering herself to be supported now her health was restored, and she was enabled to gain a maintenance; she therefore seized a pen, and wrote as follows:

CHAP. VII.

But fix'd, unalterable care,
Foregoes not what she feels within;
Shews the same sadness ev'ry where,
And slights the season and the scene.
COWPER.

"WHENEVER I have had the happiness, madam, of being with your ladyship. or Mr. Norval, I have never been permitted to utter those heartfelt expressions of gratitude which were bursting from my bosom; but the truly generous are usually characterised by being amply content with the silent, though gratifying reward of an approving conscience.

But now, madam, when you cannot say, 'Dear Miss Koningsberg, you will offend us if you proceed,' I seize with avidity, the opportunity afforded by absence, to pour out the effusions of a grateful soul, to thank your ladyship, to thank the philanthropic Mr. Norval for the unexampled benevolence bestowed upon the unfortunate orphan who cast herself upon your mercy.—To say that your God will reward you for your kindness to his creatures, and believe me, madam, on my knees, I have prayed (and shall ever continue to do the same) for a continuance of the happiness you now enjoy, to you and yours; to entreat for an increase, would be impious, as I fancy, in this life, it is impossible. Lest I should offend, I will not say any more

on this subject, but proceed to the original cause that induced me to trouble your ladyship by addressing a letter to you.—I have now, madam, for some months, been the object of your boundless liberality; illness and mental derangement prevented any exertion on my part, though those spirits that used to enliven my youth are fled, I fear, for ever. Yet my health is entirely restored, and I shall now, through your ladyship's assistance, be enabled to turn the few accomplishments I possess, to account. My prophetic mother often stimulated me to acquire a degree of proficiency in the several branches of my studies, by saying, if they only need be exerted for the amusement of my friends, it would compensate amply for my trouble;

or such were the changes of fortune, I might be necessitated to call them forth for my own support. That time is now arrived, and to your ladyship I turn for directions how to apply them. I believe I am competent to instructing in French' Italian, and the harp; drawing I studied principally as an amusement, and consequently know less of that than music, which art I was early initiated in. My knowledge of the Prussian language will be, I should conceive, of little utility in the present case; and indeed, although I was born in Regal Prussia, yet I know less of that (my mother tongue) than any, as our servants were French and Italian, and my father never spoke his own language, except when necessity compelled him, as he often said the

cruelty of the Count Koningsberg made him wish to forget he was a Prussian. Your ladyship is now acquainted with my wishes. May I hope for another obligation, added to the many I have already felt my gratitude so awakened for, by your condescending to instruct me how I may turn the liberal education I have received, to account. It is with great satisfaction that I hear of the daily amendment of your little charge, whom I hope soon to be permitted to see again; and with respects to Mr. Norval, I remain your ladyship's

"Gratefully obliged

"F. K."

Lady Anne and Mr. Norval were sitting together when Frederica's letter

arrived. "The more I hear and see of this girl," said her ladyship, "the more I feel myself propelled to admire her. I highly approve the independence of her spirit, that feels such gratitude for the few benefits she has received, yet cannot bear the idea of incurring more. I think she would be a valuable acquisition in our family; she could assist me in the care of the children, and be a delightful companion while you are away, and in two or three years, if she should continue with us, she will be highly serviceable to our little Anne. Do you not agree with me, Henry?"

"Not entirely."

"Really! Why, where do your objections to my plan rest?"

"I will tell you, Anne. Instead of

being advantageous to Miss Koningsberg, it will, in my opinion, be highly the contrary. You might derive pleasure from her society when you are at home, but consider the numberless engagements you are necessitated to enter into, and the variety of company you receive. Miss Koningsberg would then be in solitude; her talents and accomplishments would rust for want of being called into action. On the other side of the question, were you to make her the companion of your visits, her situation would be yet more unpleasant. Youth, beauty, and accomplishments such as her's, would be sufficient to awaken the envy of her own sex; not even your protection would shield her from that cutting contempt that little

minds too frequently bestow upon those who are their superior in every thing but fortune. Some of your friends are acquainted with the singular particulars of your meeting; they, of course, have told it theirs; therefore she would be an object of observation and curiosity, and treated as your dependent; for depend upon it, the story of the match girl will be remembered."

"I cannot help agreeing with you," said Lady Anne; "I really think I should be rendering her a disservice. But what are we to do? She is too young to undertake the education of children; however competent she may be to the task, few would like to trust such extreme youth; and there are very few situations as companions that are eligible.

As soon as little Henry is well enough for me to quit him, I will consult Mrs. Claresby; she may be able to strike out something that may do."

Mrs. Claresby, whom Lady Anne mentioned, had formerly been governess to her ladyship; but before Lady Anne Sefton had attained her thirteenth year, she had married Mr. Claresby, who was in a Manchester warehouse in the city.

As he was assiduous and clever in the business, they soon gave him a small share of it, and at his death, he left his widow a genteel annuity, each of his daughters three thousand pounds, and recommended his son earnestly to his partners, who, from the friendship they bore the father, immediately gave him the half of the part Mr. Claresby had had.

Lady Anne Norval was particularly fond of Mrs. Claresby, who was a woman of good sense; her manners frank and easy, though they frequently deviated from the genteel.

Enthusiastically fond of her own family, she thought there perfection reigned triumphant, and only there. Although she had a manner that made all her friends, or rather acquaintances, fancy, while they were with her, that they were all the world to her, till they began to reflect, that when they had entered her drawing-room, they had seen her caress a departing visitor with every mark of the most unfeigned regard, but no sooner had her carriage driven from the door, than those who remained were amused with the caricatured follies of

of her, who, five minutes before, had to her face, been praised and flattered.

The two Miss Claresby's were plain clever girls; the former they did not not know—with the latter they were too well acquainted. Their mother thought one pretty—the other handsome, and had actually told it them so very often they could not doubt such good authority. James, the only son, and family darling, was three years older than his sisters; not devoid of sense, but the complete little puppy—quite the city beau, rushing into all the extremity of fashionable dress, and fashionable amusements, till he stepped beyond gentility, and proved to those who condescended to notice him, the extreme want of real elegance there was about him.

This youth was mamma's pride, who delighted in having so perfectly genteel a son, and sisters' glory.

His mother had so often assured him that he and the girls were so entirely what they ought to be, that he, like them, would not doubt the authority, and loved himself and his sisters most sincerely.

Very soon after Mr. Claresby's death, James found out that it was impossible to live in the city, and the family removed to a genteel house in Clifford Street, where Mrs. Claresby gave parties that *she* really thought elegant; and as Lady Anne Norval had graced one or two of them, and the former situation she held about that lady was never

glanced at, she imagined herself completely *the thing*.

Lady Anne had a real friendship for her, and as she was not sufficiently at her house to discover her reigning prejudices, she considered her as a really good-hearted woman, and her daughters clever, unaffected girls; James she had never given herself the trouble to think about.

CHAP. VIII.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.
YOUNG.

LADY ANNE NORVAL immediately, upon the receipt of Frederica's letter, dispatched a short, but very kind note, saying how much she approved of her plan, and how willing herself and Mr. Norval would be to forward it, and in the course of a very few days, she should be enabled to receive her again in Hanover Square.

Mean time, Frederica, not having my

circumstance of sufficient importance to turn her ideas into another channel, thought incessantly of her grandfather, giving herself up alternately to the deepest dejection, and the soothing voice of hope. In her dreams, she was constantly with him, and she awoke, each morning, to fresh disappointment.

With delight did she receive the welcome summons to attend Lady Anne Norval, who sent the carriage for her as soon as Dr. Brown pronounced that there could not be the least dread of infection.

She was received with the utmost kindness by her generous protectors, who very soon entered upon the subject nearest her heart—the mysterious fate of Captain Hildebrand.

Mr. Norval proposed advertising in the public prints, the anxiety of Frederica, and where she might be found.

Eager to catch hold of any thing that might lead to discovery, she accepted the offer with gratitude.

Mr. Norval, therefore, lost no time in drawing up an advertisement, which, after submitting to the perusal of the ladies, and meeting with their entire approbation, he dispatched to two of the most popular morning papers and an evening one.

This done, Frederica felt more easy. While any thing was going forward, she experienced less distress, as there was constantly something to hope.

Lady Anne proposed taking Frederica a shopping with her, and when they

were seated in the carriage, she led to the subject of her letter.

Her ladyship then related the conversation she had had with Mr. Norval. "And now, Miss Koningsberg," she said, "do your sentiments coincide with ours? Do oblige me, by giving me your sincere opinion on the subject."

"I really will, madam," returned Frederica. "To enjoy your ladyship's society would be the greatest happiness I could experience; but were I not to visit with you, and be in your parties, I feel how very seldom I could have that pleasure; and I too well agree with Mr. Norval, respecting the treatment a dependent orphan would meet with, in the society of those so in every respect her superiors, though honored with

your ladyship's smiles. Therefore, as I could not make myself useful in your family, madam, and must in either case experience mortifications, place me, if it is possible, where my story is not known, yet where I may often hear of your ladyship, and sometimes be permitted to see the only friends my untoward fate has left me."

"I cannot help agreeing with both you and Mr. Norval," returned Lady Anne, "although it is impossible to avoid being selfish enough to say, what an addition it would be to my domestic happiness to have so charming an inmate."

"Ah, madam!" exclaimed Frederica, "do not be so condescendingly flattering, or you will make me waver in a resolu-

tion that must be right, since you a prove it."

The carriage was ordered to Clifford Street.

Lady Anne told her young friend, that as they were to part, she wished to consult a lady with whom she had been long acquainted, and of whose judgment she formed a very high opinion, what plan it would be the most expedient to pursue.

When the chariot stopped at the door, she told Frederica she thought she had better not alight, as it might be unpleasant to her to hear her own fate canvassed.

She acquiesced with pleasure, as the idea of seeing strangers was not consonant to her present feelings.

Her ladyship remained above half an hour, and when she returned, she appeared to have something very agreeable to communicate.

When they drove from the door, Lady Anne said, "I hope, my dear girl, that I shall have it in my power to place you in just the kind of situation I should wish. Mrs. Claresby and her daughters will this evening take tea with us, and if you are mutually pleased, she is the lady under whose protection I mean to place you. Her daughters are good girls, nearly of your own age. The eldest is very shortly going to be married, and Mrs. Claresby will, if you like it, take you to supply her place, and to assist Emma, the youngest, in the prosecution of her accomplishments. When

I am in town, you can often be with me, and if you are settled there previous to Sophia's marriage, you and Emma shall come and stay a month with me in Suffolk. I do not doubt, when we find your grandfather, but what Mr. Norval has interest enough to procure him some comfortable place under Government, suitable to his years. If so, you can either reside with him, or if circumstances preclude that, you will be continually together, and he will have the happiness of seeing you in a society suitable to your sex and age."

The prospect was enchanting. The sparkling eyes, and glowing cheeks of Frederica proved the effect Lady Anne's discourse had upon her. Already did she, in her mind's eye, see herself seated

between her grandfather and Lady Anne Norval, and in the bosom of a family that she must love.

Taking one of her ladyship's hands, and pressing it respectfully to her lips, she said, "How do my obligations, madam, daily augment? How can I ever pay the vast debt of gratitude I owe you?"

"By letting me see you cheerful, my dear girl."

"Ah, madam!" she replied, sighing at the ideas that flashed upon her imagination, "were I but certain of my grandfather's fate, you never should accuse me of depression of spirits, but while I am the victim of torturing suspense, I cannot clothe my countenance in a garb that my heart cannot sanction."

When they arrived in Hanover Square, her ladyship said in a lively way, "I have been answering for a great deal, my dear Frederica, this morning, on your account. Now let me see if I am justified, or if I must suffer for my rashness."

Lady Anne, who was complete mistress of both French and Italian, now entered into conversation with Frederica in the two languages, and found her knowledge of them not inferior to her own.

She then requested of her to strike the harp.

With tears in her eyes, she obeyed. The last she had struck had been her mother's, and her last auditor her grandfather.

She played with skill and execution, and the touching tones of her voice, mellowed by her poignant reflections, made the soul-breathing harmony seem something more than mortal.

"Do not exert yourself any more, my dear," said her ladyship; "you have convinced me, that for once, I have not been to blame in making myself answerable for accomplishments, the great extent of which I was unacquainted with."

Mrs. Claresby and her daughters were announced between eight and nine.

Frederica was introduced by Lady Anne, and of course, approved.

The young Prussian was very much pleased with them. It was impossible to avoid being flattered by Mrs. Clares-

by's attention; there appeared so much friendship and kindness. And the young ladies, who kissed her with the utmost esteem at parting, hoped that Lady Anne would not long withhold her from their society.

"Well, my dear," said her ladyship, when they were gone, "how do you like this family?—well enough to become a member of it?"

"Indeed, madam, I do, and consider myself extremely fortunate in your ladyship's recommendation."

"I am very glad you approve them, and if my wishes can render you happy, you will be most completely so."

The following morning, they went to Hampstead to order Frederica's things

to be sent, and to take leave of Mrs. Newton.

The good old woman shed many tears at parting with her young inmate, and requested she would not quite forget her, but sometimes come and see her, which the affectionate girl, who was all gratitude for any mark of kindness, readily promised to do.

Mean time, Lady Anne employed herself in giving directions for a genteel well furnished wardrobe for Frederica, and Mr. Norval presented her with an elegant little pocket book, as a trifling testimony, he said, of the regard he bore her, which contained a note of twenty pounds.

But days passed on, and the advertisements remained unanswered; there-

fore the gratification Frederica experienced from the kindness of her friends, though they produced temporary gleams of cheerfulness, yet grief clung to her heart.

CHAP. IX.

Not far beneath her in renown is she,
Who through good-breeding, is ill company;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
And thinks you are unhappy when at peace.

YOUNG.

WHEN the day arrived for Frederica's quitting the hospitable mansion of Mr. Norval, she could not disguise the grief that oppressed her heart; she was going to leave those friends from whom she had experienced such marks of the most unexampled philanthropy.

Lady Anne perceived her distress, and caught the infection.

As the hour drew near which was to separate them, the tears that Frederica had long endeavoured to restrain, poured from her eyes. "I hope your ladyship will excuse me," said the sobbing girl; "but indeed, indeed, I should be the most ungrateful of beings, if I could feel calm in the moment that I am going to quit my benefactress—her to whom I owe every good I possess."

"I feel gratified, my dear," returned Lady Anne, "even by your tears, since they prove to me that you really feel a friendship for me;—mine for you, will remain in its original force as long as you continue to deserve it, and that, I feel persuaded, will only terminate with your being; all that I have seen of you has conspired to create for you, an in-

terest in my bosom. With Mrs. Clares by, I think you will be as happy as you can any where. She is a pleasing, lively woman; her spirits are remarkably good, her conversation entertaining, and that kind of attention in her manner that is peculiarly attractive to young people. You will, in your turn, be a great acquisition to her; therefore you will remain in a state of mutual obligation. Me you will see continually, and depend upon it, the very instant we hear any thing of Captain Hildebrand, you shall immediately be informed."

The carriage was now at the door, and Lady Anne, who determined to place her young friend herself under the protection of Mrs. Claresby, took the weeping Frederica by the hand, and led her to it.

They were received by the family in Clifford Street with every demonstration of friendship, and after the departure of Lady Anne, the Miss Claresbys exerted themselves to dispel the grief of Frederica.

Impelled by gratitude, she endeavoured to shake off the depression of her spirits, lest they should think she was not sensible of the kindness of their atentions.

"I am very sorry, Miss Koningsberg," said Mrs. Claresby, "that Mr. Claresby was obliged to dine out to-day; but he will come home as early in the evening as he can, for the girls told him what a *charmante* creature you were; he is a most genteel young man himself, and consequently is delighted when he can find out any thing in the opposite sex worthy his notice."

Young men were a species of beings that Frederica was almost totally unacquainted with. The chevalier, her father, had given up all his young associates after his marriage with Maria Hildebrand, and as their income was very limited, and all their happiness derived from the family circle, they did not form any acquaintance in the neighbourhood where they lived.

Before her father's death, she had been considered in the light of a mere child by the very few men that chance had brought to their house, and when she arrived at Lady Anne's, her ladyship had never required her attendance when she had visitors—the male, as well as the female part of them, being people of the first rank, the prudent Mr. Norval

thought it more proper for her not to appear. He had studied, with attention, her mind; it was in a state of the most unsophisticated purity, ready to receive any impression that might be stamped upon it. It excited his admiration, and he was resolved, while she was under his immediate protection—while she culled the flowers of instruction from the enlightened mind of Lany Anne, that not one of the baneful weeds that spring in the horticultural bed of fashion, should insinuate itself into the fair soil of her present ideas.

About eleven at night, Mr. Claresby made his appearance. He was a short dark young man, with his black hair combed all manner of ways, and actually standing an end, to look careless and

degagée; and his throat was surrounded by a profusion of muslin, above which stood his shirt collar. The rest of his dress was in complete unison with that already described; in short, in his little person, fashion was entirely caricatured.

"And is this a genteel young man?" said Frederica, mentally, as she gazed at him, with surprise. "Yes, I dare say he is; but I am so unacquainted with the English style of dress, that I certainly am not a competent judge."

The next morning when they met at breakfast, Frederica was kissed by the female party, who hoped she had slept well.

Emma Claresby could scarcely move from the side of her new friend, whose

extreme kindness oppressed her, though she could not avoid feeling obliged and gratified.

Lady Anne had informed Mrs. Claresby and her daughters of the leading particulars of Frederica's history, though she had desired that they would not communicate them, as it must necessarily make her an object of observation, which, in her circumstances, was certainly not desirable.

Mrs. Claresby had made the offer to Lady Anne, that she would receive Frederica into her family, merely for a wish to oblige one of her ladyship's rank, and the pleasure with which the proposition was received, made her delighted that the idea had entered her imagination; but when she saw Frederica, she was

more than ever charmed at the idea of the pleasing addition they should have to their society, ever alive to new impressions, and feeling more affection for the *dear friend* of a few days, than the old acquaintance of years. She was enchanted with Frederica, and could not talk of any thing else.

For the first few weeks of our heroine's residence in Clifford Street, every thing was done that could tend to promote her happiness, and when Lady Anne quitted town, Frederica assured her she had only one wish ungratified. Mrs. Claresby and her daughters were more kind than her most sanguine expectations could have led her to hope or expect.

Her ladyship thanked them with real

gratitude, and made the young ladies some very elegant presents, to evince the satisfaction their kind conduct to her protegé had given her benevolent heart.

The young man whom Sophia Claresby was engaged to marry, had not yet been seen by Frederica, though by report, she seemed intimately acquainted with him. He was a subaltern in a regiment then quartered in Lancashire; but as the eldest captain had been promoted, Mr. Seymour had paid the money into the agent's hands, and was to take the rank the other had risen above.

As his presence was now requisite in London, to settle the affair finally, Miss Claresby received the pleasing intelli-

gence, that in three days from the period of his writing, she might expect to see him.

It put the house into a degree of pleasing confusion, as it was entirely taking them by surprise.

In the evening of the day Miss Claresby had the account, was the time to expect Mr. Seymour. Sophia had fifty things to do, and did not know which to begin with.

She had a very excellent taste for drawing, and had made some degree of proficiency in the art.

She had began several little ornaments for Mr. Seymour's apartments, that she wished particularly to present him with while he remained in town. She knew, during his stay, she could not expect to

have sufficient time to herself, and lamented that she had not made better use of his absence.

Frederica willingly offered to undertake finishing them, if Miss Claresby would trust her.

Sophia had a much better opinion of her own style, but there was no alternative, and she accepted the proposal with the most profuse expressions of gratitude.

Frederica retired to her own room, and set to work, requesting Mrs. Claresby would excuse her attendance below stairs, till she had completed the painting she had undertaken.

With great difficulty, she obtained her request, and it was not till after dinner the following day, that her little ornaments were finished.

CHAP. X.

So weak are human kind, by nature made,
Or to such weakness, by their vice betrayed,
Almighty vanity; to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying like rays of light on drops of rain.

YOUNG.

WHEN the ladies retired from the dining-room, the Miss Claresbys ran up to Frederica's apartment, and were delighted to find that the things were perfectly ready for Mr. Seymour.

Sophia took them immediately to

her mother, who said they were extremely pretty; but added, "How different they are, Sophia, from your style! I never saw any one's painting who could equal yours; there is natural genius in every stroke. To be sure, you wished these things to be finished, but I am fearful Seymour will think that you have not bestowed all your skill and attention upon them."

Sophia's opinions were perfectly consonant; and had she not actually told Mr. Seymour, that very morning, that she had a present for him, she would have withheld them, but as it was, she regarded the late admired painting with the utmost discontent, and actually searched for faults.

Frederica came down, accompanied

by Emma, to pay her respects to Mrs. Claresby, and to request that she might for that evening, be excused from joining the party. "I have suffered my thoughts to dwell too much," said she, "since yesterday, upon the sole existing cause of unhappiness to me. The fate of my dear grandfather makes me very miserable. To-night I will exert myself to regain my wonted composure, and to-morrow I will promise not to distress you with my gravity, as I know, by experience, the effect it would have on your good hearts."

But Mrs. Claresby would not admit of any excuse; she told Frederica, as she had given way to melancholy impressions, it proceeded from the solitude she had experienced in her own apartment.

She therefore insisted upon her taking her place, that evening, as president of the tea-table; and then, with the most gratifying professions of friendship, spoke of Captain Hildebrand, and the interest that her and her girls took in every thing that concerned one whom they loved with such reason.

So much kindness, in the present weakened state of Frederica's mind, quite overcame her, and she sobbed aloud, while she uttered all that the gratitude of her nature dictated.

"Now, my dear, go to your room," said Mrs. Claresby, "and recover yourself. When tea is ready, your friend Emma shall come for you.

Frederica complied, and putting her bonnet a la répenter, to hide her swollen

yes, waited for the summons to attend the tea-table.

Emma soon tripped up to her, and they descended together.

She entered the room with a timidity which the sight of strangers, particularly of the male sex, always inspired, and which she had not yet mixed sufficiently in society to overcome.

"This," said Mrs. Claresby, presenting her to Mr. Seymour, "is Miss Koningsberg, the young lady who honors my girls with her society."

The young officer paid his compliments entirely a la militaire, and the blushing Frederica silently took her seat next to Mrs. Claresby, and began her accustomed office of tea-making.

"Mr. Claresby," said his mother,

" why do you not pay your respects to Miss Koningsberg, and say how unfortunate we have considered the indisposition that has deprived us of her company for two days ?"

A slight illness had been the excuse made to the gentlemen for Frederica's non-appearance at the dinner-table.

Mamma was obeyed and delighted at the same time, by the air of elegance and fashion with which her partiality made her conceive her son had addressed Miss Koningsberg, saying mentally, " Poor thing ! I hope this assemblage of uncommon gentility will not make too deep an impression on her heart."

Mr. Seymour was quite the lover, and paid very little attention to any one but Sophia.

In the course of the evening, he reminded her of her promise to give him some of her paintings.

She was obliged to comply, and fetched the expected gift, which was received with satisfaction, and examined with attention and delight.

"Upon my honor," said Mr. Seymour, "some of these figures would do credit to the first artists. I used to think, Sophia, that you designed better than you executed: there was a defect in your finishing that you have entirely overcome; there is a brilliancy, an elegance in your colouring, that cannot be surpassed. How have you acquired perfection in so short a time?"

"And does not your vanity suggest to you the cause?" said the ever-ready

Mrs. Claresby. " Consider in whose service, and for whose service, those colours were laid on, and then think of the blacksmith who acquired such renown in the painting art, who only took the pencil in hand to procure the mistress of his affection."

" Dear mamma," said Sophia, " do not exalt him so in his own estimation."

This was spoken with an air of pique that she did not attempt to disguise. The panegyric Mr. Seymour had uttered upon the paintings disconcerted her; every encomium had gone to her heart, because she knew that she did not deserve one, as the only parts that had been praised by Mr. Seymour, were those that she was not concerned in; and she felt a degree of dislike for Frederica

take immediate possession of her mind, while the innocent object of her anger felt perfectly unconscious of any merit being attached to her in the performance, and sat silently wishing that she could equal Miss Claresby.

Sophia and Emma sung duetts, accompanied by the grand piano, and occasionally Frederica played the harp to their singing. It was a thing they by no means excelled in.

From the skill in music Sophia possessed, she never grated the ears of her auditors, but her voice was weak and unmusical.

Emma's was stronger than her sister's, but when she sung, she gave all the affected grimaces of professional Italian singers, which made it intolerable to

look at her, as those airs are only endurable in those who sing exquisitely, and even then destroy the effect.

Mr. Seymour, who had frequently taken the liberty of an intended brother, had laughed at her for it.

But this evening, Mrs. Claresby had desired Frederica to sing, and unfortunately for her, Mr. Seymour praised her style very much, and desired Emma to copy her manner of singing. Miss Koningsberg, he said, had a divine voice, which was made more exquisite from her being so totally devoid of affectation. Adding, "We might suffer a little from her; but indeed, little Emma, with your voice, it does not do to throw up your head, and shut your eyes, at every cadence."

This was more than Emma could bear; her mother, and many more who did not understand the least of music, had extolled her singing to the skies; it was what she had principally prided herself upon, and as she had been told she was a capital singer, she had studied with attention and minuteness, all the contortions of countenance the professors acquire from almost a regular system, and she now considered herself inferior to none. Mr. Seymour's opinion, till this evening, she had never regarded; for he had never before made a comparison; but now to find herself depreciated merely, as she conceived, to exalt another, was more than she could tolerate, and she in an instant, regarded the poor Frederica with sentiments exactly similar to her sister's.

Her feelings were more than she could bear, and she burst into tears.

This called all the family about her. Mrs. Claresby upbraided Mr. Seymour for his cruelty to her daughter, and Sophia declared, if he had any regard for her, he must treat her sister with the utmost delicacy and attention.

While he endeavoured to pacify the angry fair ones, in which he at length succeeded, and Frederica, for the first time, feeling uncomfortable in the Claresby society, was suffered, unopposed, to quit the party, and retire for the night.

CHAP. XI.

And next to him, malicious envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw,
Between his cancred teeth, a venemous toad,
That all the poyson run about his jaw,
But inwardly he chawed his own maw.
SPENCER.

THE events of the preceding evening were obliterated from the mind of Frederica, by her own predominant reflections, and the general tranquilizer, sleep, and she met the family at breakfast, with her accustomed sensations of esteem and gratitude.

But their sentiments respecting her, had undergone an entire revolution; envy had crept into the minds of the Miss Claresbys, and before they retired for the night, on which its corroding influence had been first felt, they had talked their mother into the belief that Frederica was not near so pleasant as she used to be; that her frequent fits of melancholy were intolerable, and that extreme obligingness of disposition she possessed, was affectation.

Sophia declared that she was extremely sorry that she had suffered her to finish her paintings, as she had not succeeded by any means to her wishes; and Emma said her singing was quite disagreeable, as it wanted that certain style, without which the finest voice was intolerable.

Mrs. Claresby entirely acquiesced in the supposed infallibility of her daughters' reasoning.

The poor Frederica was condemned, and the day that introduced her into their society, stigmatized with opprobrium.

Mr. Seymour arrived an hour before dinner, with two brother officers, and told the ladies they might wish him joy as his purchase was completed, and the day following he purposed being introduced at Court on his promotion.

Sophia was of course pleased, and Mrs. Claresby, the whole day, could only talk of and to Captain Seymour.

The two young men who accompanied him, were Colonel Ashford, and Captain Fitzraymond.

They were fashionable, elegant men,

particularly the captain, who had a figure and countenance rarely equalled. In his discourse, there was a matchless variety; he could converse on the reigning topics of the day with that degree of facility that made you suppose that there his forte lay, till he would dive into the depths of literature, and surprise you with the profundity of knowledge he had acquired, which seemed almost incompatible with his military duties. With the gay, he seemed all hilarity and glee, and with the grave, the pathos and solemnity of his ideas delighted and astonished.

Colonel Ashford was the complete officer of fashion;—talkative, animated, and perfectly genteel.

These were the men that graced the table of the enchanted Mrs. Claresby,

and who almost entirely overlooked the now neglected Frederica. Her form, though elegant, passed unnoticed, and her pallid cheeks, and fireless eyes, had not sufficient attraction for two of the most dashing men the army ever produced.

The Miss Claresbys, who dreaded her being taken notice of, scarcely addressed a word to her, and they heard, with the utmost satisfaction, a request she made to their mother, to retire after tea, as they feared her being asked to sing, as even the very little attention Captain Seymour had paid her, hurt Sophia.

The house was now constantly filled with company, as Captain Seymour, who had got a prolongation of leave, received his numerous acquaintance in Clifford Street.

Mrs. Claresby was in the height of her glory, as she imagined that receiving company in style, was a thing she particularly excelled in; and Mr. Claresby was as charmed as his mother, as he, by that means, had sometimes the honor of hammering the fashionable pavements, arm in arm, with regimentaled officers.

Colonel Ashford and Captain Fitzraymond were constant visitors, and the latter Mrs. Claresby very soon set down for Emma, whom he danced, laughed, and sung with.

Colonel Ashford was under the necessity of frequently attaching himself to the almost neglected Frederica, whose spirits sunk under the extreme difference of conduct she experienced from her late assiduously attentive friends, who now amused every one, when she quitted

the room, with accounts to her prejudice, which were very much increased by the praises that several of the many male visitors had uttered to both Mrs. and the Miss Claresbys respecting Frederica.

Lady Anne Norval had written several times to both Mrs. Claresby and Frederica since she had been in Suffolk, and now requested earnestly, to have Miss Koningsberg's and Emma Claresby's company for a few weeks. She said that she did not expect any more people than she then had in the house, for some time, therefore she particularly wished for the society of her young friends.

Frederica's heart palpitated with hope, while Mrs. Claresby read the letter.

Captain Fitzraymond, who was there,

told Emma that it would be very wrong to leave the house, when she was so soon going to lose her sister.

This was sufficient for the mother, who construed that into a dread the captain felt lest he should have the woman he loved taken from him, and she, therefore, gave up the delight she would have experienced in having her daughter upon a visit to an earl's daughter, for the more substantial good of having her married to one of the most elegant young men about town, and who was even nobly allied.

Mrs. and the Miss Claresbys settled that it would be just as well to suffer Frederica to go to Lady Anne's for some time, as she had been taken rather more notice of than they

wished, in the parties in Clifford Street, and Colonel Ashford always enquired after his little pensive favorite, if she was out of the room when he called; and Captain Fitzraymond had appeared too much pleased with her singing for Emma to feel any thing but envy when she was present. This she did not even allow to herself, but set down the unfortunate object of her jealousy as the most altered being in the world. She had thought her, at first, every thing that was agreeable; she was now comfortably situated, and therefore did not consider it expedient to wear the mask any longer: but it was in her jaundiced imagination that the change lay, augmented by the family failing—that strong attachment every branch of it experienced for novelty.

Frederica was still the same amiable, unaffected girl, she had ever been. It was with the most extreme delight she received the permission to accept of Lady Anne's invitation; and with a satisfaction scarcely inferior, she listened to the reasons Mrs. Claresby gave for not permitting Emma to accompany her.

"It must be sufficiently perceptible, my dear, to you," said that lady, "that Captain Fitzraymond is very much struck with my Emma. Indeed I do not myself wonder at it, for she is a very charming girl, and looked very handsome last night, and I thought Sophy one of the prettiest women in the room; her countenance is so interesting. But that is straying from my subject. I intended

informing you, that as I have every reason to suppose Captain Fitzraymond very much attached to my youngest daughter, and that he will soon make a declaration in form to me, I think it would be unkind and imprudent to separate them, particularly as it is a match that far exceeds my expectations, though not superior to Emma's merits."

Frederica could not but acquiesce with Mrs. Claresby, in the propriety of keeping Emma at home, and rejoiced in the pleasing prospect that Mrs. Claresby expatiated with such energy upon.

Bred up in solitude, and scarcely knowing any thing of the world she lived in, Frederica's mind had acquired rather a romantic turn. Any fabulous histories she had read, were tales of chi-

valry in which both her father and grandfather had particularly delighted.

These had taught her to expect that the conduct of a lover, in the presence of his mistress, would be widely different to that of Captain Fitzraymond when with Emma. She even contrasted his behaviour with the really attached Captain Seymour's, and found it so different in every respect, that she could not help saying mentally, "If this man is a lover, how peculiarly disrespectful his conduct is; how can Emma suffer it from one who ought to be all submission to her will?"

CHAP. XII.

Now in the cowslip's dewy cell,
The fairies make their bed;
They hover round the crystal well,
The turf in circles tread.
The lovely linnet now her song
Tunes sweetest in the wood;
The twitt'ring swallow skims along
The azure liquid flood.

SHENSTONE.

MRS. CLARESBY wrote a long letter, that evening, to her dear Lady Anne, informing her of the reasons that prevented Emma's accepting her ladyship's invitation; and saying that Miss Koningsberg

was at her service for a few weeks, whenever her ladyship chose to name the day, and the manner in which she was to go down.

By return of post, an answer came from Lady Anne Norval, politely regretting that she could not have Emma's society, though rejoicing in the cause. She said, as Frederica was now deprived of her travelling companion, she had written to Mrs. Newton to attend her young favorite into Suffolk; as she made a point of having the good woman down for a short time, every summer, she thought the present a very good opportunity, and should send James to town to wait Miss Koningsberg's commands; and as soon as she could make it convenient to come, and Mrs. Claresby would

spare her, the more happy her ladyship would be.

Frederica's delight was so great at the idea of again seeing Lady Anne Norval, that for five minutes, even the uncertainty she was in respecting the fate of her grandfather, was forgotten in the anticipation of the projected visit.

At dinner, Emma received a severe mortification, by Captain Fitzraymond saying, "When do you mean to go into Suffolk?"

Her face was suffused with blushes, and she felt too angry to reply; but Mrs. Claresby relieved her, by answering the captain. "You know I told you yesterday, I had written to my old friend, Lady Anne, to excuse Emma from waiting upon her ladyship, as I really agree

with you, in thinking it wrong to separate my girls, as they will be so little together; and I have this day had a reply, in which I perceive her ladyship is very much hurt at our non-compliance with her wishes. I do not wonder at it, as Emma's gaiety would be an enlivener of every society."

The captain turned off his forgetfulness with an ease peculiar to himself, and an elegant compliment to the offended Emma, with the utmost facility got himself reinstated in her former opinion, which was as high as the most enraptured lover could desire.

Frederica watched all that passed in silence, but still her original ideas preponderated, and she yet thought, "This man does not love Emma Claresby."

While they were sitting at desert, the servant entered, and told Frederica that James was arrived from Suffolk, with Lady Anne Norval's very kind love, and that she had sent him to attend her commands respecting the journey.

She immediately requested permission to retire, and went to the honest grandson of Mrs. Newton, who was delighted to see her; as he had been with his lady when Frederica first attracted her notice, he always considered himself very much interested in all that concerned her.

Frederica, after her first enquiries were over, respecting Lady Anne, Mr. Norval, and the children, asked particularly after his grandmother, whom she had only had one opportunity of seeing, since she quitted Hampstead.

"Thank you, miss; she is quite well," he replied, "as I could not help going to see her first; and she sends her humble service to you, and says she is quite pleased that my lady lets her go down at the time you do, and she hopes you will settle a speedy day for your journey, as she so longs to see her ladyship."

Frederica, who was equally anxious, and did not wish to detain James, said she would ask Mrs. Claresby when she thought it adviseable, and let him know immediately.

She accordingly returned to the dining-room, where the ladies yet were, and desired to know if Mrs. Claresby approved of her going the following morning.

"No, indeed; you must not think

of leaving this society so soon," said Captain Fitzraymond; "we shall be quite lost without your aid in our little musical parties."

This speech, which provoked Mrs. Claresby, made her answer, in an ill-humoured tone, that she certainly *must* go the next morning. As Lady Anne had sent her footman for his old grandmother, Miss Koningsberg was to accompany her, and could not form any pretence for detaining her ladyship's servant.

Frederica did not wait to hear any more, but directly informed James she should leave town the following morning, and asked at what hour they must set off.

He replied, if it was agreeable, he

would bring his grandmother, in the chaise, at ten, and they could get to Norval Park, with ease, to tea

Frederica did not return to the party, but made an excuse of having to pack her things, and to make preparations for the journey, which would detain her all the evening.

The apology was readily admitted, as her absence gave now far more satisfaction than her presence to the female part of the family.

Colonel Ashford, who called in the evening, lamented the loss they would sustain, and praised her very much; but Captain Fitzraymond, who perceived it was not a pleasing theme, forbore uttering a syllable of the high opinion he entertained of her, which forbearance

restored peace to Emma, who had felt seriously angry and uncomfortable at his late conduct, and in high spirits, called to sit with Frederica half an hour before she went to bed, to unburthen her full mind.

Captain Fitzraymond was of course the only person she could speak of. He had perceived that he had taken too much notice of Frederica, and as he only admired her as an amiable, interesting girl, with a charming voice, he determined not to offend one from whom he really derived amusement, as Emma's airs were a constant source of merriment to him. She gave herself all the manners that generally distinguishes an absolute beauty, and from one who was really plain, it afforded constant novelty to the gallant captain.

"I have every reason," said the delighted Emma, "to think, when we meet again, I shall no longer be a Claresby. Captain Fitzraymond's manner, this evening, admitted of only one interpretation. Do you not think him perfectly divine, Miss Koningsberg?"

"I certainly," replied Frederica, "never saw a handsomer man, and he appears entire master of every subject he undertakes; and I think, if you have him, your's will be a fortunate lot."

"Every one speaks well of him," said Emma; "wherever we go, he is both known and admired. He is the delight of his corps, Seymour says; the officers are all equally fond of him, and the privates know him to be their firm friend. He is humane and liberal in the extreme, and is perfectly well acquainted with

those widely distinct bounds which separate generosity from profusion. Yes, indeed, with such a man, I must be happy, unless it is my own fault."

"Yet," said Frederica, "are you certain respecting the extent of the attachment he bears you? Do not suffer your affection to strengthen, until you are convinced that his sentiments are entirely consonant with your own. Has he ever professed himself your lover?"

"Never by words, but surely his actions shew it. Is he not continually here? My mother he esteems, but her society alone could not attract him; Sophia is taken up with Seymour, and Seymour with Sophia; James has numberless engagements—then what can be the attraction, if it is not me? on whom is all his attention lavished? Such a

man as he is, though it is a most unfashionable time of year, and many of his friends are out of town, might still meet with multitudes who would rejoice in his society, but yet he is constantly here. What can you say against these facts?"

"That he admires you," said Frederica; "that he takes the greatest pleasure possible in your company;—but you have not adduced one argument in favor of his love. Take care, your heart is tottering; preserve it while it is in your power, and do not surrender the inestimable jewel till it is supplicated for."

Emma grew displeased; she said Frederica talked like a disappointed old maid, who had never had a lover.

Frederica declared she never had one.

"Oh," returned Emma, "then I forgive you heartily; you cannot be a competent judge, as all your knowledge is derived from books, not man. But, believe me, my dear, the days of chivalry are over, when the men proclaimed their passion to all the world; they now only prove by their actions, what they feel, to their mistresses, and them alone."

CHAP. XIII.

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy; the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone:
By his permissive will, thro' heaven and earth,
And oft' tho' wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.

MILTON.

FREDERICA awoke with the lark the following morning; the pleasure she anticipated in seeing Lady Anne, was of too vivifying and enlivening a nature to suffer sleep to intrude for any length of time.

She therefore rose, and dressed herself, waiting with impatience till the breakfast hour.

They had only been seated a short time, when Mrs. Newton arrived, and Mrs. Claresby desired she would come in, as she wished to pay every attention in her power to one so esteemed by Lady Anne.

The good woman was delighted to see Frederica. "My lady's nursing, and the pure air you will breathe at Norval Castle, my dear young lady," said she, "will, I hope, fatten you up, and freshen your cheeks; for you do look dismally pale and thin, just for all the world as if you were in a decline. You must take something to heart I am sure; for it is not natural for so young a lady to look so deadly bad."

The tears came into Frederica's eyes, from the bitter reflection of what caused her death-like appearance, while she sighed, and said mentally, "Ah, my grandfather! one month of your society would have more effect upon this shattered form, than the most salubrious air I could breathe."

Mrs. Claresby and her daughters took a most affectionate leave of Frederica, particularly Sophia, who it was probable she might not see again for some time, as she was to be married very shortly, and go into Lancashire with her husband, to join his regiment.

Emma said, "Remember our conversation of last night; we shall see who is right."

"I sincerely hope you may," replied Frederica, who felt all her affection and

gratitude return for the family from their kindness of that morning, and forgot in an instant, the many slights and rudenesses she had of late received from them, while the idea, that she could no longer attract any of the attention which the female part of the family considered solely as their due, inspired them with the utmost good-humour, and apparent regard, and they kissed their hands to her, as the chaise passed the window, followed by James on horseback, with every mark of attention; and then sit down round the breakfast-table, to abuse one who was counting them in the confined catalogue of her few, though sincere friends.

They arrived at the end of their journey early in the evening, and Fre-

derica was received with kindness and attention by Mr. Norval and Lady Anne, who were very much shocked at the alteration a few months had made in her appearance.

"My dear girl," said Lady Anne, "what have you been doing to yourself? Are you ill?"

"No," returned Frederica; "my health, dismally as I look, is perfectly good; but it is my mind, dearest Lady Anne, that is diseased, and while care is corroding my heart, my countenance and person must look emaciated."

"But I fear, Miss Koningsberg," said Mr. Norval, "that you suffer the image of Captain Hildebrand to dwell too much upon your imagination. You

do not endeavour to chace away that idea that so constantly wishes to intrude itself; you rather encourage melancholy, than repel it. Speak truth," added he, smiling, "is not that the case?"

"I fear," she returned, "I must plead guilty; but what am I to do? Were I even certain that my dear grandfather were no more, I should feel it a duty to bear the knowledge of it with resignation; but I own I have not even yet been sufficiently tried in the school of adversity, to acquire sufficient fortitude to endure this trying state of suspense with the philosophy I ought to assume. But I am confident of one thing, and that is, that the society of that benefactress who was every thing to me when I was an outcast of the

creation, will act as balm to my wounded mind, and ameliorate the poignancy of my present feelings."

Lady Anne thought it better not to pursue the discourse in the same serious vein, and therefore said in a laughing way, that she must insist upon her exerting herself, and setting her cap at an old bachelor who was then on a visit at the castle. "He is gone to enjoy the beauties of the evening in the woods," added her ladyship. "He is a most estimable character, though in many instances, a cynical misanthrope. His knowledge is general, and his taste refined; his fortune is very large, and his benevolence equal to it; but this he does not publish to the world: he is one of those who 'Does good by stealth,

and blush to have it fame ;' and by way of finale, he has a very great objection to the female sex, that is, the unmarried part. Now the task I give you, my dear, is to endeavour to make him waver in his long settled opinions."

Frederica, with a faint smile, promised to undertake the arduous case, though she thought herself very incompetent to it.

They then went to the Claresby family, and Lady Anne said she supposed the two sisters would be married on the same day.

Frederica observed, she could not help thinking that the excessive affection the mother bore her daughters rendered her too sanguine respecting Emma.

Lady Anne replied, she imagined

from Mrs. Claresby's letter, that every thing was arranged; but when Frederica informed her how the case stood, both Mr. Norval and her ladyship agreed it never appeared likely to be.

"I know Fitzraymond perfectly," said Mr. Norval, "and do not think there is a more noble fellow existing. Emma Claresby is an amiable girl, but not at all the kind of female I should think to gain such a heart as his. I never saw a man more completely the gay, flirting, thoughtless soldier, at times; but when he is with those people whose abilities are equal to his own, he evinces more brilliancy, and real solidity of understanding, than I ever met with. As a military man, I am sorry to say, he has many more occasions to display his

former character, by which means he is generally beloved by all who know him; were he indiscriminately to shew the sense he possesses, he would by no means be the favorite he is with his brother officers."

"This man must be a consummate hypocrite," returned Frederica.

"By no means," replied Mr. Norval; "there are very few that possess the variety of character that he does, and each form that he takes up is so natural, and sits so easy upon him, that it seems in every new one, that you have at last discovered wherein his peculiar excellence lies; his forte depends upon the society chance throws him in."

"Poor Emma!" said Frederica. "How is it to be supposed that she

can resist the fascinations of this Proteus?"

A very short time before supper, Mr. Malden, the gentleman of whom Lady Anne had spoken, entered. He was a tall figure, with the remains of dignity; for he seemed near seventy.

There was an energy in his countenance that at once awed and interested; and there was still sufficient fire in his large dark eyes to repel familiarity, and demand respect.

He fixed them on the timid Frederica, when she was introduced to him, with a penetrating scrutiny that made her heart sink, while she secretly wished that he had quitted the castle previous to her arrival.

When they were seated at supper,

Lady Anne remarked that she fancied he had extended his walk, as they had been deprived of his company for a longer time than usual.

"Yes, Anne," he returned; "though spring, summer, and autumn, have passed with me, and I am in the winter of my days, still the evening, such as we have just passed, has more charms for me than ever. When I see that majectic orb that has enlivened and cheered us during the day, sinking with calm dignity, and shedding such variety of tints on the clouds, it fills my heart with a species of adoration for the sublime Dictator of its glorious movements, I feel all rapture and enthusiasm. My heart swells in my bosom while contemplating those soul-inspiring scenes

of Nature, and I rise a pitch above mortality. I forget that near seventy summers have passed over my head—I forget the detestable duplicity of mankind; youth and vigour seem rekindled in my tottering frame, and animation and joy pervade my system. I am insensible of the lapse of time—darkness succeeds. I am still near my favorite spot; it reminds me I must return—it reminds me that I am still one of the frail sons of earth, and recollection, and its attendant disagreeables, succeed to reveries the most exalted."

Frederica stared. "Is this man perfectly sane?" she thought. She looked alternately at Mr. Norval and Lady Anne, to discover if his discourse had surprised them as much as it had her;

but she perceived no variation of countenance, but observed, that in a style perfectly natural, they answered him, and appeared to enter into his feelings.

The first thing she thought of in the morning, was the peculiar old man, who, though he inspired her with fear, awakened respect. He seemed nearly the age of Captain Hildebrand; occasionally he reminded Frederica of him—that was sufficient to make her feel a degree of interest towards him.

CHAP. XIV.

'Tis thine, oh nymph, with balmy hands to bind
The wounds inflicted by misfortune's storm,
And blunt severe affliction's sharpest dart!
'Tis thy pure spirit warms my Anna's mind,
Beams thro' the pensive softness of her form,
And holds its altar on her spotless heart!

Charlotte Smith's Sonnet to Friendship.

For several days after Frederica's arrival at Norval Castle, Mr. Malden scarcely addressed a syllable to her, but seemed attentively to notice every word she spoke, and gazed at her with a fixed penetration that seemed to read her soul.

It distressed Frederica, and a great part of the pleasure she had anticipated from her visit, was damped, from his constant observation of her actions.

Lady Anne made Frederica both rise and retire early, and insisted upon her riding on horseback several miles every day.

Mr. Norval, with whom she was a great favorite, very frequently accompanied her. He listened with patience to the recitation of her sorrows, and was charmed with the genuine simplicity of her remarks.

While they were taking one of their rides, Mr. Malden entered Lady Anne's dressing-room, where she was sitting with her children, and amused himself

with them till their servants fetched them to dinner.

For some sime, the conversation turned solely upon their little favorites, as Mr. Malden was excessively fond of them, and said theirs were unvitiated minds. Their innocent prattle delighted him; to him, the study of unsophisticated nature was enchanting.

"Yes," returned Lady Anne; "that I know perfectly to be the case; and therefore I confess it astonishes me that you take so little notice, except by looks, of my favorite Frederica. Though you bear a strong enmity to the sex in general, yet you honor a few of the individuals with your esteem."

"Very few, Anne," he replied.

"That I am perfectly aware of," said her ladyship; "yet I am convinced, my little Anne does not possess a purer mind than Miss Koningsberg; she, poor girl, has been constantly excluded from society, and undergone more misery than I could have supposed one so young, and so delicate, could have endured; her affectionate mind is now weighed down by a pressure of sorrow. I had intended to have kept her little story from you, but I cannot resist communicating it, as we have got on the topic, as I am convinced you must pity her."

Lady Anne then related the particulars of their meeting in the Park, and every part of Frederica's history that she was acquainted with.

When she came to where she stole the brandy, and the fatal consequences it produced, Mr. Malden paced the room in an agony of passion, saying, "Such a wretch as the landlady ought to be extirpated from society;" and when her ladyship pathetically dwelt upon the many miseries she had endured in Newgate, the tears rolled down his venerable cheek.

"Poor child! poor child!" said he, when Lady Anne had finished. "And all these manifold oppressions have not been sufficient, but I must add to your uneasiness. You shall have retribution, though from me; the extent of my fault shall be extenuated in your eyes."

Lady Anne was charmed with the effect her story had produced, as she

well knew the advantage such a friend as Mr. Malden must be to Frederica; she therefore proceeded to give him several instances of the excellence of her heart, and soundness of understanding.

Mr. Norval and Frederica soon after arrived, when Mr. Malden relaxed from his former severity, and spoke to her in terms of such kindness, respecting her grandfather's uncertain fate, that tears of gratitude fell from Frederica's eyes, and from that time, they were constantly together.

Mr. Malden pronounced, that though a female, her heart was free from guile, and he was never more happy than when leaning on Frederica's arm, and pointing out the beauties of the surround-

ing scenery, in a style of wild enthusiasm that often startled her.

"What a lover you are of Nature, sir," said Frederica, in one of their walks.

"Yes, child," cried he, stopping, and clasping his hands, "I am. I once, though, was a lover of art; but such a lovely masterpiece was it, that till I sunk deep into the abyss of misery, I mistook it for nature. Frederica, I am near seventy; but an impression of agony that I received forty years since, can never be obliterated, but with a termination of thought. I loved—I fancied my passion returned in its full force: I was deceived by the object of my fondest idolatry. Is it then surprising, that I am hard of belief, when they speak of

the virtue of your sex? I was lively, happy, enchanted with the world; one single half hour transformed me to what you now behold. I have since been a scrutinzing observer of the follies of mankind; and when they tell me of the virtue of human nature, I feel myself a fastidious sceptic. But why should I, so early in your journey, make you discontented with the passengers you must travel with. Child, I am a disappointed old man, weighed down by years, and the acuteness of my feelings; I wish to make you careful—to prepare you for the deceit you must encounter, but not to make you suspicious, for that is a poison that should not infuse itself into so young a heart."

Mr. Norval and Lady Anne were de-

lighted at the friendship that subsisted between their old and young friend, as they were certain that they must derive equal benefit from the society of each other. The conversation of a man who possessed the general information of Mr. Malden, must be a peculiar advantage to Frederica, and fertilizing the buds of genius, which, with a very little cultivation, were ready to burst forth in the mind of our heroine, and reward the fostering hand that called them into being, softened down the asperities of his nature, and made the cynic's countenance frequently relax into a smile of approbation.

So generally caressed, every thing that she did producing such approbation, it is not to be wondered at, that a girl

of eighteen, whose natural bent had been extreme gaiety, though it had been early chilled by the frost of affliction, should begin to thaw under the smiles of the eternal sunshine of friendship, and that the acuteness of her grief for her grandfather, should sink into a calm pensiveness. She began to feel assured he was no more, as it was now near a year since she had been torn from him, and had he been really alive, he loved her too sincerely to suffer her to be ignorant of his fate.

It was with regret she received a letter from Emma Claresby, announcing that her sister's marriage was to take place in a fortnight, accompanied by a request from Mrs. Claresby, that Frederica would hold herself in readiness to come immediately after, if Lady Anne could

spare her, "As," added Emma, "I am to accompany my sister into Lancashire after the ceremony. We are to go in two chaises; Fitzraymond and I are to follow the bride and bridegroom. I was tortured last week beyond expression, by hearing that he had long been engaged to a very beautiful young Irish woman; I taxed him with it, and you will hardly believe me, when I tell you the cruel creature did not deny it. Mamma says he only does it to teize me, as I have treated him with great cruelty of late; but at any rate, I cannot resist travelling into Lancashire with him, as there will then be such ample opportunities for him to open his mind. You know the old saying, Going to one wedding brings on another."

Mr. Malden promised to take Fre-

derica to town, and to call upon her very frequently.

"Pray do," she replied; "we can then talk over the castle, and its dear inhabitants. What a change shall I experience! But I ought not to utter a complaint, when I think of the many comforts I now enjoy, and what my wretched lot must have been, had I not met a Lady Anne Norval."

Mrs. Newton was so very happy when under the same roof with her dear lady, that Mr. Norval told her she had better not think of quitting the castle till the family did, which would not be till after Christmas.

She accepted the proposal with delight, as the steward's room had now so many charms for her, as James had

been taken out of livery, and held the rank of butler, which made the old lady hold up her head, and say she should live to see her grandson a great man.

Mr. Norval made a point of never quitting the country till some days after the commencement of New Year.

As the owners of the castle derived a great part of their happiness from diffusing it, they never accosted their tenants with forbidding ostentation, but were the real friends of their tenantry. "The allotment of riches and happiness, my dear Anne," Mr. Norval would say, "are very unequal; we possess both, and it is our duty to bestow as large a portion of each upon our dependents as we can. Equality is, from the present system of things, totally out of the

question ; therefore money bestowed indiscriminately on the uneducated would only produce idleness and drunkenness, but by employing it judiciously in their service, we can be of real utility, and we shall find, by increasing their comforts, we shall multiply our own.

CHAP. XV.

———Sighing, I resign
Thy solitary beauties—and no more,
Or on thy rocks, or in thy woods recline,
Or on the heath, by moon-light, lingering pore
On air-drawn phantoms.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

WITH a grief too violent for disguise, Frederica parted from those friends at the castle, whom she loved with such reason, and Mr. Malden's stern lessons of philosophy were for some time disregarded, and his admiration of the various prospects unattended to; but he,

who was well acquainted with the winding mazes of the human mind, turned the subject of his conversation to her grandfather. Her ideas were attracted into a different channel, the violence of her sorrow was forgotten, and the cause of her settled depression discussed.

Mrs. Claresby received Frederica with the most extravagant demonstrations of affection. She had a thousand things to tell her concerning her daughters. Though it was plain to discover her hopes respecting Captain Fitzraymond were by no means so sanguine as they had been, yet still she said she was assured that he loved Emma; but that he had many powerful relations, who would think mere mental and personal attractions insufficient.

The day following, Mr. Malden called upon Frederica.

Mrs. Claresby, who had heard much of his birth and fortune, paid him the most fulsome attention, and said he was a gentleman to whom she had, for many years, longed to be introduced, as fame had not been silent respecting him, and his praises had frequently met her ears.

This was not the kind of style to attract the woman-hater, and he took an opportunity of telling Frederica, when Mrs. Claresby quitted the room, that he must deprive himself of a satisfaction he experienced in her conversation, on account of the lady under whose protection she was. Adding, "You, I think, possess a guileless heart; she, I am sure, does not. The society of a woman like

her, would make me wretched, and those principles which are now as firmly fixed as if they had been coeval with my existence, would burst out into fresh ramifications, and I should not be able even to endure an individual of your sex. Therefore, poor child, do not ask me to come and see you, but when I am inclined; for I would not but esteem your affectionate, ingenuous mind, for Indies, and I am only fearful that it will be warped by the pernicious prejudice of example; but still the womanish artifice of this Mrs. Claresby is of so glaring a nature, that you must perceive she is despised and laughed at for it."

"She is a very clever woman, sir," said Frederica.

"Do you mean by that, child, to ex-

tenuate her conduct?" returned Mr. Malden, angrily. "If you do, you are mistaken; the only thing that could excuse her flattery, would be want of sense; for a woman of any abilities to prostitute them to the use she does, is unpardonable. I have heard of this woman, who is the panegyrist of the present, and the defamer of the absent. Be cautious of her, Frederica. Why should she spare you more than the rest of her acquaintance?"

Mrs. Claresby coming in, prevented any further conversation on the subject, when Mr. Malden, rising to take his leave, she pressed him, most earnestly, to stay dinner, frequently repeating the very high honor it would confer upon her.

In a style truly peremptory, and rather

uncivil, he declined the invitation, and was no sooner gone, than Mrs. Claresby declared he was the greatest boor she had ever seen, thought him a most disagreeable old fellow, and she was very glad he did not stay dinner, though she thought it would please her dear Frederica to ask him, who mentally said, as she returned to her own room, "Why should she spare me more than the rest of her acquaintance?"

Mr. Malden did not appear again for above a week, when, one morning that Mrs. Claresby was from home, to the great joy of Frederica, he was announced.

He told her he knew the mistress of the house was from home, or he should not have called, and it was then merely

to take leave, as he was going to his estate in Cornwall.

Frederica could not refrain from tears, while she exclaimed, "Then I shall not have a friend near!—no sympathizing heart that will listen to, and bear with my sorrows!"

"Child," said Mr. Malden, "you are not a crocodile, are you?"

"Sir!" returned she, with surprise.

"Are those tears real? Answer me without disguise."

"Indeed they are," she replied; "and even the bad opinion you entertain of the female sex, might lead you to credit the assertion, as they proceed from selfishness. You suffer me to talk to you of my grandfather, and I am certain of receiving comfort and ad-

vice from you. Few indeed are the benefits I derive from my acquaintance with the world; your friendship has been a very principal one, and of that I am going to be deprived."

"Not of my friendship, child, only my conversation."

"Will you, sir, suffer me to write to you?"

"Receive a letter!—and from a female!" he replied. "Oh, no, no, no. Child, child, you will crack the strings of my old heart, if you talk of letters; I never receive any, except urgent business renders it necessary: all the people I employ know it. Do not write."

"I certainly must forbear then," said Frederica, sighing; "but stay as long with me as you can now, dear sir."

"I am fearful of the woman returning," he replied; "yet I wish to give you a little advice.—Preserve, during your existence, if you can, and you may, with a small portion of mental exertion, the openness of charactor you now possess;—start as you would from the poisonous sting of a viper, at the new fangled doctrines of modern philosophy. There are very few women who are competent to the task of analyzing its various principles, and unless they are analyzed with the most profound attention, they will only dazzle and bewilder the understanding. There are many points that a well-directed imagination, and a highly cultivated brain, might improve to the last degree upon, but you, Frederica, are incapacitated by the erro-

neous custom of sexual education; therefore shun them, or you will be in danger of being lost in the quicksands of error, without sufficient skill to save your little bark from destruction. I myself would not be allured by any of their principles; I do not possess sufficient depth of understanding to bear it. I have gained a superficial idea of knowledge in general, but I have as it were, been buoyed upon corks in the river of information, and never in any instance, dived to the bottom. Preserve the natural independence of your mind: yield readily, when you think you are wrong; but when right, do not, from the pusillanimous fear of appearing obstinate, give up a well-grounded opinion, merely to obtain a temporary esteem, which will, upon re-

flection, insure lasting contempt. Be firm, or you will be with justice accused of possessing imbecility of mind; but scorn obstinacy, as that is always accompanied by weakness of judgment.—Lady Anne Norval esteems you; she is superior to the generality of her sex. Be sedulous to obtain her friendship; it must be productive of good: from her opinions you may learn how to correct your own; but avoid being a servile copyist. I would not wish the natural bent of your mind altered, and by even emulating perfection, sophistry will creep in. Those ideas that in any degree resemble Lady Anne's, you may improve from studying her; but there are many points in her character, that in the benevolent mother, are charming,

yet in the youthful dependent, would be ridiculous. Cull, with care, the flowers of genius, but beware that a poisonous weed, of a lovely appearance, does not obtrude in amongst them, unseen, unknown by yourself, till its rancorous power blights the whole. And now, poor affectionate child, farewell. May that God who rewards the good, take you under his peculiar protection, and grant, that in a very few months, we may again meet, and that you may have received some account of your grandfather!"

CHAP. XVI.

Oh, come; and shew how vain the cares that press
On my weak bosom—and how little worth
Is the false, fleeting meteor, happiness,
That still misleads the wanderers of the earth!
Strengthen'd by thee, this heart shall cease to melt,
O'er ills, that poor humanity must bear;
Nor friends estranged, or ties, dissolved be felt
To leave regret and fruitless anguish there.
Charlotte Smith's Sonnet to Fortitude.

FREDERICA saw Mr. Malden depart with the utmost regret; his peculiarities had now become familiar to her, and the friendship he had manifested for her, since he had been made acquainted with

her story, added to a likeness she thought she perceived between him and Captain Hildebrand, made her entertain a real esteem for him.

Weeks passed on in the same dull monotony: Mrs. Claresby saw very little company, except morning visitors, as her daughters were away, and a mind like Frederica's, could not derive entertainment from listening to the bombastic expressions of regard and admiration that was bestowed upon them when present, nor the keen satire of her remarks when they disappeared.

Sophia and Emma constantly wrote. The latter was, at first, enthusiastic respecting Captain Fitzraymond; he was the darling of the regiment, and she believed there was not a private be-

longing to it but would lay down his life for him. But there was soon a most visible alteration in her style of writing concerning him. She was now very glad she had not given him much encouragement, as she began to perceive that he was not in the least calculated to make her happy; and she was, if possible, more violent in her praises of Mr. Harcourt, a subaltern in the regiment, than ever she had been in Captain Fitzraymond's: he was just the young man her dear mamma would like—so well-bred, so attentive—had not that nonchalante air that the affected Fitzraymond thought it very pretty to assume; in short, he was every thing he ought to be.

The ci-devant admired captain, ob-

taining a majority in the regiment, put the finishing stroke to his reign; and now Emma's letters were filled with the pride this accession of rank had bestowed, and she really believed, was he not going to Ireland, that she should actually have quitted her dear Sophia, and almost broke Harcourt's heart, so very disagreeable was his society now to her.

Mrs. Claresby felt, at first, seriously mortified, as independent of its being a match after her own heart, she had told all her friends in confidence, that it was a thing that was to be; and she was now obliged to endeavour to make them believe that her versatile Emma had changed her mind, and had refused him. This was so very improbable, that she got very few to credit her assertion.

Frederica, unacquainted as she was with love, had never supposed that Fitzraymond had thought more of Emma than as a lively girl, whose oddities amused him, though she could not account for the reasons that made Miss Claresby so inveterate against her former favorite, little knowing that

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorn'd."

James Claresby's society could not amuse. He grew daily more puppyish—consequenily more ridiculous. He was very little at home, but when he was, he took every opportunity his mother's absence gave him, to make strong love to Frederica, whom he imagined would be charmed with his condescension, and find him irresitible.

Her situation, from this circumstance,

became daily more disagreeable. She was well aware that the slightest hint to Lady Anne Norval would be sufficient, and she should immediately be removed, but weighed down as she was, by the obligations that lady had conferred upon her, and acquiescing in her ladyship's reasons for not residing in Hanover Square, she dreaded the idea of being thrown amongst strangers, and determined to endure all the disagreeables for the present, and hope it would be more pleasant when Miss Claresby arrived, who was now soon expected. She was certain that Lady Anne Norval would make her time far more agreeable, and it was possible Mr. Malden might soon surprise her with a visit. All hope of ever again seeing her grandfather, she

had entirely resigned, as she felt completely convinced that not any thing but death would have prevented his finding her out.

They were surprised and pleased one morning, by a visit from Colonel Ashford.

Mrs. Claresby very naturally almost overwhelmed him with enquiries respecting her girls.

He said Mrs. Seymour was a great favorite in the regiment, and that Emma was in love with young Harcourt.

"You mean, colonel, I suppose, that Mr. Harcourt admires my girl."

"I stand corrected, dearest madam; that is a thing of course. Who could avoid being captivated with Miss Claresby? Do you give your consent? He is

a very well-disposed lad, but none of us can compare to George Fitzraymond."

"Talking of him, I used to think he would be my son-in-law; but Emma possesses such a charming versatility of disposition, that I own I am not fastidious enough to disapprove, though it inflicts many pangs on your sex. But what brought you town?"

Colonel Ashford, who felt that he could not have carried on the conversation respecting Major Fitzraymond without rudeness, was well-bred enough to be pleased at the discourse falling into another channel, replied, the sudden illness of an uncle that lived at Acton, and whom he was happy to say, he found out of danger upon his arrival. "I am now going to see him. What say you,

ladies, are you disposed to make me completely happy, by honoring me with your company? The morning is divine, my horses are famous, my coachman expert, and myself a very amusing travelling companion. I will not detain you half an hour."

"Will it be perfectly comme il faut?" thought Mrs. Claresby.

Her eyes turned to the window—the two grooms and the elegant chariot were irresistible. Besides, they were going to an earl's.

She consequently acquiesced, and was followed to the carriage by Frederica, who never considered whether they were acting properly or not, but felt gratified at the idea of the variety it would produce, and pleased at having

Colonel Ashford of the party, who was a great favorite of her's, as he had always been kind and attentive to her. He had neither exaggerated respecting his horses, coachman, or self, as they were exactly what he had represented them.

The colonel addressed a great deal of his conversation to Frederica, who, pleased with his attention, answered him in a spirited way, and was more lively than Mrs. Claresby had ever seen her.

When they arrived at the Earl of Kilvaine's, Colonel Ashford wished them very much to alight, and take some refreshment; he said his cousin, Lady Charlotte, would, he was certain, be extremely happy to see them. But although Mrs. Claresby wished it ex-

tremely, yet as the earl was very ill, she thought there would be too great a species of indecorum in it; they therefore remained in the carriage, watching the movements of the dashing colonel, till the porter closed the doors.

"This is quite the man to my mind," said Mrs. Claresby, "he is so perfectly elegant and unaffected; I should like Emma to have had him—I wonder she did not—but daughters think so differently respecting men to what their mothers do."

Frederica could not help smiling at the idea of Emma Claresby rejecting and accepting who she pleased, and she merely answered, he appeared most completely the gentleman.

"I must make many enquiries of him," observed Mrs. Claresby, "respecting this

Mr. Harcourt, who is so violently in love with Emma."

Another smile was Frederica's only reply, as she was fearful of trusting herself to speak, lest she should displease her companion, who now turned to her, and said, " My dear Miss Koningsberg, I have long wanted to speak to you on a subject I have near my heart;—I believe you love my son—I do not wonder at it—but let me advise you against encouraging any hopes respecting him."

Frederica stared with astonishment, but before she could reply, Colonel Ashford came to the carriage; he desired the coachman to drive through the grounds, as he would not get in till they came to the road, as he wanted to speak to his old friend at the Lodge.

CHAP. XVII.

My tough old soldier's heart melts at the sight.
ROWE.

As the chariot rolled on, Colonel Ashford walked by the side, answering Mrs. Claresby's interrogatories respecting the earl, and his lovely daughter, the colonel replied, his uncle mended rapidly, and that his cousin looked extremely handsome; and as soon as her father could be removed with safety, they were to come to town, as he was earnest for Lady Charlotte to be presented. The

carriage now drove out of the grounds, and drawing to the side of the road, one of the grooms opened the door, which he held waiting for his master, who was shaking hands with his uncle's old servant: this was not the time for Frederica to enter upon her vindication, and sat silent and depressed at having an accusation so indelicately brought against her.

Colonel Ashford now approached—his foot was on the first step of the carriage, when to the surprise of Mrs. Claresby and himself, Frederica uttering a scream, darted out of the chariot, and was in an instant in the arms of an old man, who was passing down the road; the colonel perceiving her fainting, and that the veteran had not sufficient

strength to support her, flew to her assistance: she revived in an instant, exclaiming, "My grandfather, why did you desert your poor girl? but we will never, never part again."

The tears rolled down the venerable cheeks of Captain Hildebrand, for it was he himself; he was unable to reply, and could only press the affectionate girl in his arms, who wiped away the drops of joy that prevented his seeing her distinctly.

The few people that passed, gathered about them, and Colonel Ashford who had been a feeling spectator of the scene, said, "Dear Miss Koningsberg, return to the carriage."

"Not without my grandfather, sir; I would not separate myself from him for kingdoms."

"Nor would I have my affectionate little friend; your new found relative shall take my place, and I will ride one of my servant's horses."

A look of gratitude was the only return Frederica made, while she put Captain Hildebrand's arm within her's, saying, "Happy girl, how you are reminded of former days."

The captain appeared weak and exhausted, and was obliged to be almost lifted into the carriage, where Mrs. Claresby had sat all the time a curious and attentive observer of what passed; though she was very sorry to exchange the veteran for the young soldier, yet she received Captain Hildebrand with great civility, and when Frederica introduced her as the lady under whose protection

she then was, listened with great complacency to the effusions of his thanks, which he was in almost too exhausted a state to utter.

When they were near Clifford Street, Colonel Ashford rode to the side of the carriage, and asked Mrs. Claresby if he had better not order it to his lodgings, as Captain Hildebrand should be accommodated there with great pleasure.

The offer was inviting—it would be very troublesome to have the old man in her house; she paused, but then it would please Lady Anne, her dear Lady Anne—she resolved he should go to her house, the chariot accordingly soon set them down at her door. With much more difficulty than he had got in, Captain Hildebrand was taken out; he was

in a state of the utmost weakness when Frederica had encountered him, and in his condition the variety of feelings he had experienced in so short a time were too much for him, and he was conveyed to bed in apparent insensibility, and medical advice sent for.

Frederica who could not be prevailed upon to quit the room, was almost distracted till the apothecary arrived, who gave it as his opinion that the captain's malady originated entirely from extreme weakness, and all that he appeared to require was nourishment and quiet; he desired Frederica to leave her grandfather to the care of a servant, as her presence might agitate him, and that would be dangerous. But this she positively refused to do, alledging that there

could not be any one so proper to act in the capacity of nurse as herself, and that she was convinced that when her grandfather became sensible of her attendance, it would act as a cordial, instead of affecting him. The man of medicine yielded, and the now happy girl took her station by the bed-side, where she sat contemplating the features of her only relation, who had fallen into a deep sleep.

The first question he asked when he awoke was, "Is my darling near me?"

"Yes, dearest grandpapa, and will never leave you. But do not speak—only take what I give you; in a few days we can listen to each other without pain: we are now together—only think what a happiness that is; we will con-

template that delightful certainty in silence, for the less you speak now, the sooner you will be enabled to talk more."

"Beloved persuader," said the captain; "any thing my Frederica desires, shall be complied with."

The delighted girl presented her cordial, and smoothed the old man's pillow, while she gazed at him with an affection that was balm to his wounded mind.

She wrote the day following to Lady Anne Norval, who immediately answered her letter, saying, Mr. Norval would exert all the interest he possessed to procure a situation under Government, adapted for Captain Hildebrand,

whose history they were all anxiety to know.

In less than a week, Frederica had the happiness of supporting her grandfather into Mrs. Claresby's drawing-room.

During the course of his short confinement, he had frequently desired she would relate to him all she had suffered since they parted; and that he would in return inform her of the few circumstances he had to communicate.

But she would not listen, and always said, "Believe me, grandpapa, I am not so very curious as you think me; and I will not hear your story, nor shall you mine, until you are well enough to quit your room."

"Yes, but my child, I wish to convince you, that though my person has been in

a state of imprisonment, yet my mind has ever been with my darling."

"Dearest sir, your grateful girl is perfectly aware of that; all that I ask is for you to gain a little strength, for I am sure that sufferings, however trifling, experienced by your Frederica, will afflict you too much."

Mrs. Claresby had invited Colonel Ashford to take tea with her the evening Captain Hildebrand left his room; there was a something in the captain's appearance that insured esteem, and commanded respect, and the colonel was greatly prepossessed in his favor.

After tea, Frederica was called upon to gratify her grandfather's curiosity. As Colonel Ashford was totally unacquainted with their history, Frederica,

at Captain Hildebrand's request, took it up from the marriage of her mother, and related every particular from that period till her meeting her grandfather again at Acton.

In some parts, Captain Hildebrand's emotions were so strong, he could not suffer Frederica to proceed. Though she did not paint in their prismatic colours, all she suffered in prison, and the night previous to her claiming the protection of Lady Anne, still they were sufficiently strong to affect the most unconcerned auditor for one so young, and so unacquainted with the world, to be left without a single protector.

Colonel Ashford, whose glossy and dazzling outside contained a generous, feeling heart, paced the room during

many parts of her narrative, exclaiming, "It is much too bad! My pensive little favorite, how great have been your sufferings!"

"Pensive no longer," said the smiling Frederica. "I have found my grandfather; my cares are forgotten, and those good spirits that are natural to me will now return."

When she had finished, Mrs. Claresby called upon Captain Hildebrand for his recital.

Frederica begged it might be deferred, as he had been too much agitated, but he insisted he was perfectly competent to the task, and began as follows:

CHAP. XVIII.

Come, listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

SHENSTONE.

"I HAVE scarcely patience to speak of the villain whom I have so often been heard to execrate during my child's melancholy history, but yet necessity compels me; therefore I will make mine as short as I can.

"For near an hour after Frederica left me, I remained in a state of insensibility.

"When I came to myself, my first idea was my beloved child—my only comfort. I looked about the room for her, but in vain. I then had an imperfect recollection of some men coming into the miserable apartment, but could by no means connect my thoughts.

"Shortly after, Mrs. Green entered with some water-gruel with gin in it; she said, a neighbour who pitied me more than she did, had sent it.

"I replied, nourishment, though I stood in great need of it, was not what I wished for so much as to hear of my child.

"She then informed me I had been the cause of her being sent to prison; that to save the life of a miserable old man, she was amenable to the laws of her

country.—This was told me in the most coarse, unfeeling manner.

" I was again relieved from my sufferings by temporary insensibility.

" When I revived, I got up, and was near two hours putting on my clothes.

" At last, I effected my purpose, and had quitted the room with a view to follow my child, when I was stopped by my landlady, who enquired whither I was going.

" Upon my informing her, she loaded me with a torrent of abuse, accusing my noble girl and myself of being a couple of sharpers, and saying, if I quitted her house, I should be stopped and sent to prison, as I was indebted to her near ten pounds.

" I saw it was in vain to rebel, and in a

state of indescribable horror, threw myself on my wretched bed.

" For five days, I was supported by the benevolence of a neighbour of Mrs. Green's, who never appeared, but sent me sufficient merely to save me from actually starving.

" The fifth evening, Mrs. Green informed me she had let her lodgings, and should send me to the King's Bench.

" I was perfectly passive ;—separated from my child, a prison had as many charms for me as a palace, and I was lifted into a carriage that conveyed this wretched machine to the King's Bench.

" When I arrived there, the jailer saw the deplorable state I was in, and with the greatest humanity, enquired into

my circumstances, and asked if my finances would enable me to hire a room.

" I informed him how they actually were, and said I had not a shilling in the world—I must then be condemned to be with those who were in the same wretched state with myself.

" He assured me he would do what he could to make my horrid abode as tolerable as possible.

" He saw the extreme debility I laboured under, and took me into a room where many of the men employed about the prison were drinking. There was an excellent fire, which he said, might cheer me, and I might remain there till locking-up time.

" Here I sat for near two hours, inattentive to the discourse of my companions,

my mind occupied with the idea of my child solely, when my reveries were broken in upon by the entrance of the jailer, who said, 'I think your name is Hildebrand?'

"Immediately upon my answering in the affirmative, he quitted the room, but returned directly, followed by the villain, Vincent.—But I will be patient; his arrows can wound no more, but their sharpness have probed to the heart. I see, my Frederica, that you are fearful that I should agitate myself, but I am an obstinate old man, and possess all the garrulity of age, therefore I am determined to proceed.

"The exterior of the young man who appeared, was prepossessing in the extreme. The expression of his counte-

nance was interesting, his figure elegant, and his manners easy. He approached with a benign air, and extending his hand, said, 'Captain Hildebrand, I am happy at being the humble instrument in restoring you to liberty. By the command of my friend, Mr. Abbot, your deceased brother's sole heir, I request of you to quit this infernal abode.'

"I scarcely know whether I first thanked him for my freedom, or told him I must not delay a minute seeking my beloved girl.

"He acquiesced to my proposal, and I may say, that for half an hour, youth appeared to be renovated within me, and I took leave of my friendly jailer with smiles; my whole system appeared

invigorated by the idea of again beholding my child.

"The postillion whirled us quickly along; the benevolent conversation of my hypocrite companion, and the suavity of his manners, beguiled the time, and even I, who was all impatience, was delighted and surprised to find myself so soon at the other receptacle of misery.

"When arrived there, the temporary sunshine of my spirits subsided, and I could scarce support myself.

"Vincent perceived the state I was in, and requested I would not alight till he had made some enquiries.

"I yielded, being really unable to move, and oppressed as it were, with a presentiment of the agony that awaited me, and overcome by extreme debility,

the old soldier sat in the chaise, sobbing with a violence neither to be restrained or mitigated, when Vincent returned, accompanied by a man.

" He told me my grand-daughter had been released a few hours before our arrival, and that he made no doubt but that she was at our old lodging.

" Then for the love of mercy, let us hasten thither, said I, gasping between the delight of her confinement being at an end, and the fear of missing her.

" It was nearly dark, and the chaise proceeded with the rapidity of lightning. ' We shall soon be there,' said my companion. ' But, dear sir, you are very ill. Let me prevail upon you to taste a cordial I never travel without ;

you will find great benefit from it, and it will enable you to meet Miss Koningsberg with more composure.'

"For some time, I refused, but his reiterated entreaties at length prevailed. I complied, and found the chaos of my mind subside; the ideas that had chilled my soul were lulled to rest—the most peaceful and refreshing calm seemed to take possession of me, and I sunk into a deep sleep.

"When I awoke, I was in bed in a small, though beautifully neat room. The pleasing images that had last occupied my waking thoughts, flitted for some time before me; but, alas! they were soon chased away, and horrible certainty took too firmly hold of my mind.—My Frederica was ever in my

heart, and I drew aside the curtain, hoping to see my child; but I was cruelly disappointed, and rung the bell with violence.

"A stern looking middle-aged man entered, and I immediately began asking a variety of questions about my child—where I was, and how I had been conveyed there?

"He bade me, in a sullen tone, be silent.

"I replied, I would not, and persisted in making vehement enquiries respecting Frederica.

"It was in vain; an impatient silence was my only reply.

"I rose, and was assisted by the man to dress myself. The refreshing sleep I had had, seemed to have reno-

vated my system, and the fibres of existence seemed rebraced. 'Where, where,' exclaimed I, 'has my darling passed the night? The cruel woman who was the cause of her imprisoment, would not receive her. Without money —without friends, where can my sweet one have found a place to shelter her? Why was I not taken to her? Why was I brought here?—Where is Mr. Vincent?'

"The man answered my various interrogatories with 'What is that to you? Take care of yourself; do not make me angry, or I shall use coersive measures.'

"To be brief, I very soon found that I was supposed to be a madman; all that I said—all my protestations of per-

fect sanity, seemed only to confirm the belief. I was guarded and watched with the most unremitting attention.

"Twice was I on the point of eluding the vigilance of my keeper, and twice was I detected, and forced back to my place of confinement, beating my breast, and tearing my hair, impressing still more strongly on the minds of those who had charge of me, the certainty of my mental derangement.

"I was at a loss to conceive the reason of my detention. That it originated with Mr. Abbot and Vincent, I was aware of, and for many weeks, I could not assign a probable cause for it. At length an idea occurred, that I was astonished had not before, namely, that my brother had relented before he died,

and that Mr. Abbot was the illegal possessor of his estate, every thing seemed to stamp the suggestion with the seal of probability.

"The fate of Frederica made me miserable. What would become of her without a protector or adviser, I shuddered to think of it! Yet it was constantly present to my mind, and almost produced actual desperation. Yet, for her, did I endeavour to support myself—for her sake, did I attend to my nourishment; I always flattered myself with the cheering hope of again seeing her, and Heaven be praised, it has not been delusive.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

J. Dennett, Printer, Leather Lane, Holborn.

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